WALKER'S

HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE:

OR,

Compendium of Entertaining Knowledge.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1808.

We this Month preſent our Readers with a beautiful characteriſtic Portrait of MISS SMITH, as PORTIA, in the MERCHANT of VENICE. An intereſting Memoir of this admired Actreſs will be given next Month.

Biographical Sketch of the Right Honourable the COUNTESS of HARRINGTON. (With a Portrait.)

WILLIAM STANHOPE, grandfather of the preſent earl of Harrington, was a brigadier-general in the army and ambaſſador to the king of Spain. In conſideration of his great ſervices at the negociations at Seville, he was elevated by George I. to the peerage, by the title of baron Harrington, and ſome years afterwards inveſted with the additional honours of viſcount Peterſham, and earl of Harrington.

To the preſent poſſeſſor of theſe honours, Charles Stanhope, earl of Harrington, the lady whoſe portrait embellithes this number of our miſcellany is united. She was a daughter and coheireſs of ſir Michael Fleming, baronet, of Brompton in Middleſex, and was married to his lordſhip on the 22d of May, 1779, very ſoon after his acceſſion to the title.

A numerous family has been the iſſue of this union, viz.—Charles, viſcount Peterſham, born in April, 1781; Lincoln Edward Robert, captain in the 16th regiment of dragoons, born in 1782; Anna Maria, born September 3, 1783, and lately married to the marquis of Taviſtock; Leiceſter, born in 1784; Fitzroy, born in 1788; Francis, born in 1789; Henry, born in 1790; Caroline, born in 1791; Charlotte Auguſta, born in 1792; Auguſtus, born in 1794.

Reſpecting the character of her ladyſhip it will be ſufficent to obſerve, that the faſhionable world cannot boaſt a brighter example of conjugal and parental virtue. Her own talents and accompliſhments are admirably reflected in thoſe of her numerous and amiable offſpring, principally educated under her ſuperintendance. The ſtrongeſt evidence is borne to her virtues by the favour and familiarity with which her ladyſhip has been honoured by the royal family, and particularly by her majeſty, to whoſe private parties ſhe has been conſtantly admitted. So far, however, from ſtanding forward as a leader of faſhion, or courting public notice by an oſtentatious diſplay of her pretenſions, the counteſs of Harrington ſeems to preſer the more ſolid ſatisfaction reſulting from the performance of domeſtic duties and the more retired pleaſures which a good wife and mother cannot fail to find in the boſom of an amiable family.

Three Letters on Proſtitution. By Benevolens.

LETTER I.

Si quæret pater urbium
Subſcribi ſtatuis; indomitam audeat
Refrænare licentiam,
Clarus poſt genitis.
HOR. 3 lib. 24 od. 27 vs.

OF all the ſources of depravity and miſery, none is more prominent and fruitful than proſtitution; it conſequently preſents to the humane and conſiderate mind a moſt extenſive and variegated field for the exerciſe of charity; and yet (ſtrange as it may appear) there is no order of beings ſo much neglected and deſpiſed as thoſe who, by complicated and very often myſterious occurrences, have been forced to ſeek their bread in this way. It muſt be acknowledged, that the name of '*Proſtitute*' is indeed a very diſguſting diſtinction, and always carries its own infamy; nevertheleſs, mr. Editor, I am fully perſuaded, that the contempt and (I may ſay) moſt unchriſtian malice which theſe unfortunate creatures experience, not only from their own ſex, but from that which was the firſt and only cauſe of all their ſorrow, is, in a great majority of inſtances, moſt unjuſtly and indiſcriminately applied. If your readers, for a moment, reflect what horrors ſurround the wretch, by what black arts ſhe was firſt allured into ſin, and the bitter puniſhments of her crime, they will not, they cannot, if they have any ſenſe of feeling, withhold that ſympathy, that commiſeration, which their caſe loudly demands. Very few conſider the gradations of vice—from what purity and delicacy the mind, by imperceptible degrees, may ſink into inſenſibility and beſtiality. *Hence* it is, and not from any rooted, inveterate hate, I ſhould hope, that they meet with ſuch treatment. Again, if they reflect from what a height of glory, into what a gulf of ſhame they are precipitated, they will have another moſt powerful argument in their behalf. Let them conſider further, that theſe unhappy mortals were once, perhaps all of them, the delight of their fond parents, who watched their riſing youth with joy and hope, contemplated their approaching maturity with exultation, and introduced them into the *buſy* ſcenes of life with cautious diffidence, and they will find another cauſe for regret and pity. Again, many of them were born of parents in reſpectable and *lofty* ſituations—their education was ſtudiouſly attended to—they were formed with all the accompliſhments of nature and learning—were brought up with the utmoſt delicacy and care—and were once to have comforted the declining years of a *father* or a *mother*—and they will have another moſt urgent plea. If they will go a little further, and view the diſtreſſes and privations they now labour under, the piercing viciſſitudes of fortune they are liable to, their caſe will gain increaſed weight. Are not the moſt poignant agonies of mind theirs? Are they not, one and all, conſtantly expoſed to diſeaſe? and do we not, every day, behold ſome who, but a few weeks before, rolled in plenty and affluence, mirth and gayety ſurrounding them, now reduced to a level with the meaneſt object?—without a home to go to, to ſcreen them from the inclemencies of the weather—pennyleſs—ſmarting with the keeneſt hunger—not knowing where to turn for a morſel of bread—without a friend to pity or relieve them—nay, even without one to whom they might impart the torments of their ſouls—languiſhing under the ruthleſs diſorder—in cold, unſheltered rooms—or (more fortunate reſerve!) ſeeking refuge in an hoſpital—and to aggravate the condition, (oh! dreadful, lamentable truth!) expoſed to each other's fury and reſentment—convulſing their habitations with animoſity and malice—and acting in all the tu-

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mult of rage and deſpair?—And, will any human being, either male or female, ſay, that they are not more deſerving of compaſſion than deteſtation? The man, or the woman, that does, believe me, mr. Editor, ought to be driven from ſociety: ſuch deſerve not the name of *human* beings. Conſider again, that their ruin, and conſequent miſery, is owing to man. Is not every means uſed to draw them from the path of duty? Are not all the arts and flattery imaginable, the moſt infernal ſtratagems, and direct violence, had recourſe to, in order to make theſe devoted victims ſtoop to their deſires?

———O! térque, quatérque beatæ,
Queis ante ora patrum———————
Contigit oppetere!———————

FIRG. *Æneid*, 1 lib. 98 vs.

Many of them have been left orphans; and placed by treacherous relatives under the tuition of domineering, oppreſſive maſters and miſtreſſes. Some fiend or other, taking advantage of their ſituations, has employed all his eloquence and addreſs to ſeduce the neglected creatures; and in an evil hour they yielded to him, though with trembling and reluctance, yet truſting in his promiſes and *honour*: but now, alas! they feel to the utmoſt his perfidy and their own woe. And ſhall the man who has been guilty of this preſume to caſt their ſhame in their teeth?

Fæcunda culpæ ſæcula, nuptias
Primum inquinavere, et genus, et domos.

HOR. 3 lib. 6 od. 17 vs.

Again, are not theſe of their own ſex very often inſtruments of their perdition? And (to come to the point) are not *parents* and *guardians*, oft times, moſt unpardonably and viciouſly negligent of the company and connexions they take their children into? And ſhall theſe expreſs contempt and hatred to the claſs? Further, are not the means of their reformation (generally ſpeaking) entirely and abſolutely cut off? Deſerted by man, and deteſted by woman, without character, without friends, who will liſten to their tale of ſorrow and proteſtations of penitence? Who will receive them into their houſes and adminiſter any conſolation? Thus goaded by guilt and remorſe—every hope of relief cut off—nothing but a miſ-ſpent life to look back upon—and nothing but a fearful end in their diſtracted view—can we be ſurpriſed at thoſe horrible exceſſes they fall into? If we compel them to continue in the ſame mode of life, by rejecting them, is it juſt that we ſhould harbour ſuch malice againſt them? If we refuſe to prove their ſincerity, and deny them the choice of amending, how dare we deride and abhor them? Yet moſt people overlook the real cauſe of theſe things, and attribute to the innate depravity and viciouſneſs of their hearts what their own cruelty, as well as imperious *neceſſity*, muſt produce. But though man is, in general, the cauſe of their deſtruction, yet it is moſt certain that they receive the greater contempt and deteſtation from their own ſex. This, mr. Editor, is highly unwarrantable; for leaving every other argument out of the queſtion, your fair readers ſhould conſider that, as mutable beings, of like paſſions and affections, they are liable to the ſame frailties and errors themſelves, unleſs ſupernaturally aſſiſted. The mind which has never been aſſaulted by temptation, has never been in ſimilar circumſtances, and has never had a trial in life, unacquainted with the wiles of man; and withal a ſuperficial obſerver of the cauſes which led to their downfall is ever ready to declaim againſt their impiety, and ſets all down to their own folly and diſobedience. Hence we are informed of a variety of methods by which they might avoid the gripe of poverty and neceſſity, and prevent them, if they

choſe, from turning to ſo dreadful an expedient. I do not heſitate to ſay, that this ariſes from a palpable want of candour. (*Quid ultrà tendis ?*—HOR. 2 lib. 18 od. 32 vs.) Examine them, and you will find how futile, how utterly impracticable they are! In ſhort, a thouſand obſtacles lie in the way of their being ever accompliſhed. Here I would have your readers pauſe, and ſeriouſly conſider what has been ſaid; and if they find the caſe as I have repreſented it, I hope they will turn their attention to ſo important a ſubject, and endeavour, each according to his or her power, to alleviate the amazing maſs of affliction, diſtreſs, and torment, which theſe ill-fated females ſuffer.

Hitherto, mr. Editor, I would wiſh to be underſtood as comprehending thoſe only who, by a multiplicity of circumſtances, have been forced to follow this way of life, in order to procure a ſcanty, precarious ſubſiſtence. Here juſtice obliges me to confeſs, that there are ſome (oh fatal deed!) who have voluntarily forſaken their friends, and caſt themſelves '*upon the town*:' but their number is, I have every reaſon to hope, very, very ſmall, compatatively. (*Proh——inverſi mores.*—HOR. 3 lib. 5 od. 7 vs.) Theſe, though they have not ſuch a claim upon our pity as the others, are notwithſtanding to be deeply lamented; as ſuffering in the ſame manner, but, perhaps, a more exquiſite pain of mind; and as being equally deſirous of reforming their paſt acts, if an opportunity were but afforded! This manner of living is big with terror—ſhocking to nature—and, to a perſon unacquainted with it, really inconceivable—a picture of conſummate miſery and darkeſt confuſion. Oh! mr. Editor, if any of your readers, who are ignorant of this ſpecies of infelicity, could but ſervey the avocations of a week, they would be thunderſtruck; it would rouſe every faculty of their ſouls, and melt them into floods of tears!

I cannot conclude this letter better, than with the following quotation from mr. Lewis's Monk: 'Haughty lady, look not ſo ſternly on yonder poor unfortunate, who ſeems an outcaſt to ſociety: ſhe once, like you, was virtuous, and had parents and friends that loved, and poſſeſſed, perperhaps, a more tender and feeling heart than you do. And how do you know but the very man to whom your more fortunate ſtars have united you might have been the wretch who cauſed the ſeduction and miſery of the poor object whom you now ſcorn and ſhun! Oh! take this ſuppoſition to your heart; thank your guardian angel that you are what you are; and let it not be to *hard* to afford relief.'

A Word in Johnſon, not to be found in Johnſon's Dictionary.

SIR,

DR. JOHNSON, in one of his various diſcourſes with James Boſwell, confeſſed to him that he had not admitted into his dictionary above three or four words of his own making this may probably be true: but it is perhaps hardly ſuſpected, that the doctor had uſed a word, in the very firſt number of his Rambler, for which there is not only no authority in the Engliſh language, but Johnſon has it not in his own dictonary. I allude to the word *proeminal* in the following ſentence:

'The epick writers have found the *proeminal* part of the poem ſuch an addition to their undertaking,' &c.

Was this omiſſion accidental, or was it ſilent condemnation of his own practice?

I remain, &c.

PERCUNCTATOR.

Romanſ

Romance of the Pyrenees. By a Lady. (Continued from page 593.)

CHAP. LXXV.

GUZMAN, as anxious to outwit Franciſco as don Manuel was to gain Matilda into his power, was the minute obſerver of Franciſco, who both he and don Manuel ſuppoſed would not fail to viſit the place of Matilda's concealment before he commenced ſo long a journey (for little did they imagine that her aſylum had been within the precincts of the very caſtle which they inhabited:) but this ſuppoſition led Guzman to redoubled vigilance in his obſervations of Franciſco's movements, by which means Matilda's retreat in this new convent was diſcovered, and where ſhe was allowed to remain ſometime unmoleſted, while Guzman ſet his ingenuity to work to project the mode for ſtealing her from thence.

Reſuming once more the habit of a monk, Guzman found means to corrupt the too venial integrity of a lay-ſiſter, who ſhowed the church of this monaſtery to ſtrangers, and who, by her ſanctity of manners, ſo far impoſed upon the credulity of Matilda and ſome other young boarders in the convent, as one day to perſuade them to remain in church after matins, to ſee a moſt extraordinary proceſſion of pilgrims, who, on their way to Loretto, were to pay homage to the ſhrine of a particular ſaint in their convent church. Theſe pilgrims were no other than don Manuel, Guzman, and their aſſociates, who ſeized the confederate ſiſter and the terrified borders, whom they gagged and bound to the pillars of the church, and then, unmoleſted, carried off Matilda, who had fainted upon the firſt of the commotion.

The alarming intelligence relative to Matilda, which the expreſs contained, threw Franciſco into the utmoſt conſternation. He doubted not by whom ſhe had been carried off; and although he wiſhed at a future period to beſtow her upon his ſon, he yet feared that ſon's intentions relative to her were now not as honourable as his own; and trembling for her ſafety, he immediately (though ſcarcely recovered from the effect of his overturn) ſet out upon his return to Spain accompanied by Sebaſtian, whom he would not have ſuffered to proceed without him; but who, though agitated and anxious as the billet of Elfridii could make a man of acute feelings, yet was ſo tenderly attached to Matilda, ſo intereſted for her fate, that, with intuitive fond ſolicitude, and without a murmur at his diſappointment, he unheſitatingly gave up, for the preſent, all the flattering expectations he had in view; accompanied Franciſco; and at Piſa, as before related by honeſt Thomas, accidently encountered Orlando and his venerable companion; who, in deſpite of the veil which years and ſorrows had clouded his face with, ſoon recogniſed his noble patron, his long loſt friend, whoſe regretted remains he had firmly believed he had aſſiſted to depoſit in the ſacred tomb of his anceſtors, and whom ſo long he had mourned with all the ſincerity of affection.

Orlando and Franciſco were abſent during their affecting and mutual recognition; and Lorenzo entreated his beloved friend Rinaldo to conceal, with the utmoſt circumſpection, all knowledge of him; for his ſafety, which was enveloped in much danger and myſtery, depended upon his name and rank being ſtill unknown. Rinaldo promiſed compliance; yet reſolved never to loſe ſight of his noble friend, and to uſe his utmoſt endeavours, through the power of the church, to have him reſtored to rank and to ſociety.

The anguiſh of Orlando's mind was dreadfully augmented by the alarming intelligence of Matilda, which Franciſco imparted to him. The horrid ap-

prehenſions but too juſtly entertained for that hapleſs young woman's fate, with the accuſations he failed not to upbraid himſelf with for not having more firmly exerted his influence over Franciſco to obtain leave for her to accompany Victoria in her flight, all the agony of uncertainty his mind was tortured with, relative to his now almoſt blighted hopes of happineſs with Victoria, drove him into a ſtate of mental anguiſh pitiable to behold; when the only ſhape in which conſolation ſeemed to reach his heart was from the magic of of that handkerchief he had taken from Thomas. It had belonged to Victoria, and he fondly cheriſhed it. It was now all within his reach that had ever been hers, and it poſſeſſed that power over his mind which affection in abſence gifts every trifle with. Reaſon cannot define how the poſſeſſion of ſuch trivial thing could convey the balm of comfort to the heart of a man depreſſed with the variety of cares: but the attributes of love and reaſon are often found to differ widely, and the lover derives pleaſure and pain from cauſes which would puzzle poor reaſon to account for.

It was late in the evening when Lorenzo and his companions reached Cadaques. Franciſco, after diſmiſſing his attendants, diſguiſed Lorenzo, Rinaldo, Orlando, and Thomas, in ſacerdotal habits, and then left them, with a command to be at his cave in the foreſt at midnight. Guzman, in one of his Proteus forms, ſaw and recogniſed them upon their arrival in Catalonia. He watched all their movements; and by his wary manœuvring, Lorenzo, Rinaldo, and our hero, were dragged from the goat-herd's hut to the caſtle, where they were inſtantly given into the cuſtody of the arch-fiend Garcias. Rinaldo was immediately conveyed to one of the common dungeons; Lorenzo, loaded with chains and contumely, to the ſouth tower; while for Orlando, now completely in his power, the infernal wretch planned a more diabolical revenge.

The noxious thorns of ancient animoſity rankled with renewed virulence in the breaſt of Garcias, aided by the venom of new cauſes for deadly hate. Matilda, in the phrenſy of her grief, had betrayed the ſecret of the fictitious Hippolyto and the ſuppoſed Theodore uniting in the perſon of Victoria's gallant deliverer.

The black heart of Garcias, boiling with all the venom of deadly hate and vengeance, had the unfortunate Orlando dragged without mercy to the terrible tube, whither he had not ſuffered himſelf quietly to be taken. In his deſperate reſiſtance, he had ſeverely wounded ſome of the ruffians, and in return received a ſlight wound, round which he providentially bound Victoria's handkerchief that he carried in his boſom. Numbers, however, prevailed over his now deſperate valour; and in the ſcuffle that took place while they were forcibly faſtening him in the iron chair, the marked corner of the handkerchief was rent off by the jags of ſome part of the ſurrounding iron-work.

Linked by chains to two deſperate bravos, he was firſt precipitated down the dreadful tube, and then dragged to his moſt horrible priſon; where, with the accuſtomed food, bread and water, he was faſtened in, and left to deplore the unheard-of cruelty of his fate. The agony of his mind ſoon brought on a malignant fever. Without medicinal aid, without aſſiſtance in any ſhape from mortal, he was left by his diabolical and implacable foe to ſtruggle with diſeaſe: but he had help of which the power of Garcias could not bereave him, and Nature's great guide decreed that ſhe ſhould bear Orlando ſafely through his dreadful malady. The criſis was paſt, and reaſon (though not yet ſpeech) was faſt re-aſſuming her em-

pire, when Almighty Providence conducted the footſteps of our heroine to his direful priſon.

The conſternation and diſmay of Franciſco were extreme when his expected friends arrived not at the appointed time: he had too much reaſon to fear for them, and he had now to tremble for their fate as well as for Matilda's. Morning arrived without their appearance, and apprehenſion almoſt tortured him to phrenzy. Every inquiry which his alarmed imagination or agoniſed feelings could ſuggeſt he now ſet on foot: his mind and frame were haraſſed by exertions ſcarcely human. Every power that virtue or vice could yield him were now called forth, but, alas! without effect: neither of the fate of his loſt friend, or of Matilda, appeared one ſingle trace within his eager penetrating eye.

Matilda by this time had been conveyed to the north tower, partly to elude the vigilance of Franciſco, and partly to intimidate her into a compliance with don Manuel's propoſals. The barbarous Garcias, meaning to work upon her feelings in every ſhape, had inhumanly told her, that Urbino (whom he, as well as on Manuel, believed her to be in love with) was, with her friend Sebaſtian, then in their power, and unfeelingly aſſured her that both theſe, her dear friends, ſhould ſuffer every ſpecies of cruelty, and death at length in its moſt direful form, if ſhe did not, within a very few days, aſſent to become the wife of don Manuel, to whom her mother, in her laſt moments, had bequeathed her.

But Matilda, after ſome hours of agoniſing agitation, and deep reflection diſbelieved all theſe horrid threats. Well ſhe knew, from Orlando all the miſery they had inflicted upon Victoria to terrify her into conte Vienza's toils, and ſhe now firmly felt perſuaded that the ſame plans were to be purſued to work upon her terrors; and though dreadfully convinced by the piteous groans of Sebaſtian, which ſtruck direfully upon her heart during her impriſonment, that he at leaſt was in their power, ſhe ſtill doubted the intention of Garcias to commit the cruelty he had denounced againſt his friends, and reſolved, upon her next interview with don Manuel, to tell him ſhe had developed his deſigns; and that no real or threatened cruelty ſhould ever terrify her into becoming his wife. But don Manuel ſhe never more beheld; and the agitation of her ſuſceptible mind with want of ſuſtenance for two whole days, reduced her to that ſtate in which Victoria diſcovered her.

In the intermediate time the ardent ſearch of the agoniſed Franciſco was unremitting, as it was ſucceſsleſs.—Garcias, with dreadful imprecations denying all knowledge of thoſe he ſought, in purſuit of his own revenge, braved even the vengeance of the inquiſition, with which Franciſco threatened him if he longer concealed Theodore and Sebaſtian. Don Manuel too, inſenſible to his father's anguiſh, his tears, his ſupplications, his threats, firmly denied their or Matilda's being in his power. Terrible were now the daily diſputes between the father and the ſon; and in dreadful wrath they parted from each other, determined to meet no more, the morning of that day upon which Franciſco was ſummoned to his ſeat in the inquiſitorial tribune, from which his agony of mind had led him to abſent himſelf for the firſt three days of the convention being called, little thinking how deeply he was concerned in the buſineſs agitated there; and now the depoſition of Thomas and Diego too fatally convinced the agonized father that his ſon (now in this dreadful moment become dear to his heart as ever) could no longer hope to eſcape the puniſhment due to his enormous

offences. He trembled, he ſickened, and with difficulty reſtrained the violence of his agitation.

Confined by the duty of his high ſtation in the inquiſition to the courts of the holy office, and ſurrounded by ſpies and enemies in every direction (for one of the attending evils of this dreadful ſynod was, that each inquiſitor had as much to fear from his brother's enmity, as the wretched victims of their power had from them all combined; and beſide this, great jealouſies and animoſities then raged between the Dominican and Obſervantine monks of Cadaques), Franciſco could not obtain one ſingle moment to eſcape to his cell to announce to the devoted community of the caſtle the deſtruction that awaited them, or rather which was about to fall, even in the next moment, upon them, until the dreadful troop were all in the foreſt upon their march to the caſtle. Then did the agonized father, availing himſelf of the impenetrable darkneſs of the night, ſteal from the ſilent and tremendous phalanx, and ruſhing through the caverns, ſound the dreadful alarm upon the gong; then flying to the parlour, where his diſmayed ſon was, imparted to him that terrible intelligence which his haggard looks, inquiſitorial habits, and diſtracted appearance, but too horribly authenticated, then giving his farewell benediction, and a laſt tender embrace to the appalled Ambroſio, fled back. But in the hall finding the aged Tereſa in a ſwoon, and not then forgetful of humanity, he bore her in his arms to her chamber ſo long appropriated to Sebaſtian, and there leaving her upon the bed, ſtill in her ſtate of inſenſibility, retreated back to the awful troop, unnoticed took his ſilent ſtation amidſt the forces of the rear, and unſuſpected purſued his way to the caſtle, where to every thing and every tranſaction he was now to appear a ſtranger.

In all that horror and diſmay his dreadful ſituation awakened, the unhappy Manuel announced to his adherents the almoſt inſtantaneous arrival of inevitable deſtruction.—'They were betrayed, and an unconquerable force of the inquiſition even then entering the ſecred paſſes of the caſtle.'

Horrid conſternation now ſpread its debilitating influence over all the once brave aſſociates. In a moment like this, the guilty could only tremble. Self poſſeſſion fled from all. None knew how to act for the general ſafety; nor was there then time for arrangements, nor ſufficient power within the caſtle to attempt contention. To fly was all of ſecurity now left them; believing there was only time for perſonal retreat, they abandoned at once all that maſs of treaſure they had waded through every crime, and bartered their eternal happineſs, to attain, and unhеſitatingly left it to the mercy of a community full as rapacious, and a little more equitable than their own.

Of all the retreating troop of villains don Manual certainly was the moſt collected; yet ſo far did the terror of inquiſitorial tortures operate upon his hitherto courageous ſoul, that, in the moment of providing for his own perſonal ſafety, he forgot Matilda, her whom he fancied he fervently loved, nor once remembered her until too late to attempt, with impunity, her reſcue from the dreadful, and what he thought inevitable, death impending over her in her ſecret priſon.

Garcias, with conte Vicenz (who ſcarcely recovered from his wounds) took refuge in the deep receſs of a ſecret cavern amongſt the rocks upon the ſea-ſhore, from whence for ſix and thirty hours they dared not venture. At length impelled by hunger and finding that purſuit had not

ed them to that asylum, they determined to embark in a boat they saw lying at anchor a short distance from their retreat, and trust to the mercy of the waves for wafting them to some more secure and comfortable place of refuge. But even in this anxious moment of peril, these truly diabolical and incorrigible villans resolved to perpetrate one more fell crime before they fled from Spain for ever. Polydore, previous to his leaving the castle, had learned from his agents in France of the marriage of Victoria; and although believing the supposed Theodore to be his own son, vice held such empire over his heart, that jealoutly and rage wound him into a thrist for vengeance, even equal to the vindictive Garcias.

Garcias was well acquainted with a shallow near the recess which sheltered them, where at low-water they could gain a safe entrance to the prison of their intended victim. Together then these remorseless assassins went, fully bent upon their sanguinary purpose, and entered the cavern shortly after Victoria had been guided by Providence to the dungeon of her husband. The eye of omnypresence was fixed upon them, but they felt not its influence; unawed they reached the prison door, and there they paused, tortured with every pang of disappointed vengeance; but soon awakened to dæmoniacal joy by the conviction of their devoted victim having not escaped them. Though wondering why the dungeon door was open, and Theodore still there, they madly rushed forward to glut their vengeance in his noble heart; when in the dreadful moment that their hands were raised to give the mortal blow, the bleeding form of Victoria stood before them. Such power did the Almighty suffer the guilt of conscience to assume over their benighted imaginations. The pale and ghastly Victoria, with every horror of her mind delineated upon her speaking countenance, was in that terrible moment a faithful portrait of the dying Viola. Chilled by the power of supernatural awe, the weapon of death fell from the nerveless hands of the assassins, and the strong and appalling delusion chased them from that dismaying place: shaking with terror, and tortured by every horror, they fled to the boat, which, guided by divine ordination ultimately bore these sanguinary wretches to destruction.

CHAP. LXXVI.

FRANCISCO, notwithstanding the violent asseverations of don Manuel and Garcias, still firmly believed that Orlando and Lorenza were confined within the precincts of the castle; and as he well knew Elfridii had revealed to Garcias some secret places of imprisonment and torture, invented and formed by the Turks who had inhabited that castle, and which he could never be prevailed upon to impart to him, he resolved upon taking our heroine to the chamber of Elfridii, whom he had not visited since his hasty return from Italy. He had every reason to believe, from all that had occurred in their late conversation, that the conte had some invincible reason for not imparting to him any of the secrets his mind laboured with, and the only hope he now feared he had left was centred in Victoria. In her presence he would announce to Elfridii the dreadfully mysterious disappearance of Theodore and Sebastian; and the pleadings of her youth, her fascinations, her affection for Theodore, Francisco believed the conte would find resistless, and that the magic of her charms would at once dispel all the clouds of secrecy that had hitherto so thickly enveloped Elfridii.

Fearing the eyes of observation should be lead Victoria through the church, or any part of the castle known to the officials, Francisco de-

termined to conduct her through thoſe horrid caverns known only to himſelf, Elfridii, don Manuel, and Garcias, and which led alike to the tomb of Viola and the caſtle treaſury.—For many hours preceding that appointed for his meeting Victoria, Franciſco had been brooding over the calamities that too probably awaited all thoſe ſo dear to his affections. Grief, diſappointment, uncertainty, and anticipated evil, had worked his ſuſceptable feelings into ſuch a ſtate of gloom, almoſt approaching to deſpair, that juſtice and humanity ſeemed chaſed from their ſeat; and this verſatile character, in ſullen malignity, almoſt ripe for any act of deſperation, led our heroine through thoſe ſcenes of horror, rather deriving ſatisfaction from than pitying her natural terrors; for ſo ſavage, ſo miſanthropic had the deſpondency of his mind at that period made him, that he looked then upon Victoria with the moſt envenomed deadly hate, as the cauſe of all he ſuffered; and vainly then did his better feelings whiſper how innocently ſhe had cauſed thoſe evils which wrung his ſoul and wrapped it from humanity; and the almoſt phrenſied ſtate of his mind more than once inſpired the horrid thoughts of ſatiating his vindictive feelings in the murder of Victoria: but ſtill his better thoughts would interpoſe to moderate his paſſions, and by leſſening his hatred and injuſtice, now and then obtain for her a ſoftened thought or word.

The wretched Sanguinario had been placed in that comfortleſs and deſolate ſpot, by the policy of Garcias, to terrify any perſon, whether led that way by chance or by deſign, from venturing further towards the treaſury. Franciſco conjecturing that the flight of Garcias might have left this miſerable creature without a ſupply of food, took ſome proviſion for him, in the baſket he had provided with nouriſhment for thoſe he faintly hoped this viſit to Elfridii would prove the means of leading him to find.

The reiterated yells of Sanguinario, the deriding repetition of her own ſhriek, with the ſoft whiſper, and the loud and low reſponſes from above, were all the magical work of echo, from the extraordinary, though hidden, but natural effect of ſound in that wide range of cavern chambers, as they varied their ſituation in them.

The chamber of death was in fact the entrance to the treaſury, and the ſtrange characters upon the door were cauſed by the effect of torch-light upon foſſils placed there, as all the horrid machinery of the chamber was for the purpoſe of terrifying any invader who might diſcover the treaſury, and raſhly attempt to enter it.

A wonderfully ingenious artificer of Geneva, who was conveying a mechanical exhibition from his own country to Naples, unfortunately fell into the hands of theſe rapacious pirates. The barbarian Garcias, availing himſelf of this hapleſs citizen's talents, employed him to make all that machinery which ſtruck Victoria with ſuch fearful amazement in that chamber. An adjoining cell was appropriated for working all this mechanizm in; and the moment all was fully completed, the arch-fiend Garcias confined the ill-fated unſuſpecting artiſan for life within that lonely cell, to work his own machinery, with every dreadful threat of the infliction of the moſt horrible ſpecies of torture, ſhould it fail to act upon the entrance of any one. The moment foot-ſteps approached the door, an unerring ſound was faithfully conveyed to the cell to call its wretched inhabitant to his operation, which he was compelled to aid with his own voice, and to ſing while his heart was burſting with anguiſh;

and ſo frequently did Garcias go thither to watch his vigilance, and ſo fearful was the miſerable captive of ſome more dreadful puniſhment, that he never once failed in the taſk aſſigned him.

The illumination of the alter were, like the characters upon the door, cauſed by the reflexion of ſtrong light upon minerals; and when the automaton raiſed the dart, it was powerfully charged with electric matter, to fall heavily upon that raſh being who, deriding ſuch apparent terrors, ſhould attempt to paſs on to the treaſury.

Although well acquainted with every ſecret of this chamber, Franciſco's mind was ſo occupied by other matters of importance, that he not once thought of the uplifted dart; but eagerly anxious to reach Elfridii's chamber, he paſſed too near, and received a ſhock that for ſome time deprived him of all ſenſe and motion. Upon his recovery and miſſing Victoria, guided by the lantern her humanity left him, he traced her footſteps imprinted upon the ſandy ſoil of the chamber to the door through which ſhe had retreated, and full of rage and vengeance followed her to the chamber of Elfridii.

The dreadful ſepulchre through which Victoria paſſed we have already explained, and the corſe ſhe fell over was a wretched traveller who had been maſſacred in the foreſt; but not quite dead when precipitated into that dreadful place, he had, guided by a ray of light which emanated through the door of Elfridii's apartment, feebly crawled to the paſſage in queſt of aſſiſtance; where overcome by exertion and loſs of blood, he ſhortly after expired.

Elfridii rapidly declined after the night upon which he delivered the packet to the duca di Manfredonia. The ſhock he received upon beholding his unſuſpecting friend, the victim of his matchleſs perfidy, with the dreadful anxiety he endured for the ſucceſs of Lorenzo's journey, were more than his debilitated frame could ſuſtain. Daily, nay almoſt hourly, he found his ſtrength decreaſed; and the terror he now ſuffered leſt he ſhould be unable to reach Franciſco's cave at the time he calculated for the pope's legate to be there, aſſiſted in reducing him to that very ſtate he dreaded. At length, with inexpreſſible horror, he found himſelf ſo completely enervated, that with painful difficulty could he make the laſt exertion he was ever able to accompliſh, that of regaining the packet he had ſo carefully buried near the grave of Viola; and with theſe momentous papers once more in his poſſeſſion, he crawled back to his dreary cell, and paſſed his time in fervent prayers to Heaven, not to forſake the houſe of Manfredonia, but to guide ſome friend to virtue thither to receive from his hand the confeſſion of his dreadful crimes.'

Stretched upon his miſerable ſtone couch, deprived of every comfort, even now no longer able to obtain the ſmall portion of homely food he had long allowed himſelf (for he had no attendant, and was now unable to go in queſt of ſuſtenance), he ſpent the laſt few days of his life in agonies of mind and frame, which we find it impoſſible to delineate. At length his ſupplications were attended to. Almighty Providence guided Victoria di Modena to his cell, to receive from him the precious packet, which had it not been ſo ordained muſt have fallen into the hands of Franciſco, who, for his own ſafety and that of his beloved ſon, would have concealed almoſt every part of its important contents, and, where it was poſſible, would have turned every incident to the advantage of don Manuel and his own ambitious ſchemes: and here too, by this merciful ordinance,

Victoria

Victoria was permitted to discover a clue which ultimately led her to the preservaton of the innocent sufferers she so anxiously sought.

CHAP. LXXVII.

FROM the time Victoria's arduous undertakings had so happily terminated, the joyful feelings of the versatile Francisco were almost too great for concealment; yet so critical was his situation, that he feared to approach the chambers of his friends, or even to announce himself to Diego.—Minutely had he searched the apartment and effects of the late Elfridii; but among many papers nothing could he find relative to our hero's birth, or any one circumstance respecting him or his other *protégée* Matilda. At length his impatience to see Orlando, and his wish to communicate all his fears and disappointments to this beloved youth, urged him to conquer his dread of detection, and led him to risk an interview.

But still wishing, if possible, to prevent discovery, he dropped that paper through a trap-beam from the apartment above, at the moment when Alphonso had struck the feeling heart of Orlando with the dreadful supposition that Matilda entertained an affection for him yet more tender than friendship; and this billet had nearly awakened as much inquietude and jealousy for his sister's peace in the ardent mind of Alphonso, as that delivered by Diego, avowedly from Matilda, had before done. All the pangs which appearances then created were as unfounded as the present; for Matilda wrote to inform Orlando, that she had every reason to apprehend that Francisco had fled with the vile associates of the castle, and with him every clue to his birth or her own.

The painful impression this unexpected intelligence made, with all the tumult of dreadfully agonising fears, that the flight of Francisco might blight all his hopes of emerging from the mystery which enveloped him, and prevent his daring to present himself as a suitor to Victoria—with the still flattering persuasion, that Sebastian had preserved the mysterious packet for his holiness, and by that means he might yet be led to happiness, awakened all those emotions which stole suspicion into the ingenuous mind of conte Ariosto.

This interview with Francisco aroused new griefs, new doubts and perplexities, in the breast of Orlando. The shock his mind sustained from the news of this mysterious guardian's death, with all the disappointments attending Francisco's search amongst the papers of the deceased, were almost too much for his feeble frame to sustain. All his fondest expectations were now indeed most cruelly threatened; the only hope he had to rest upon was the packet in Sebastian's care:—and while thus painfully, thus delicately situated, honour forbade all communications with Alphonso and Victoria; and his agonized heart only found consolation in the society of Sebastian, which he eagerly sought the moment he was able to leave his chamber, and to whom he faithfully imparted all those secrets which wrung his heart with anguish.

The duca di Manfredonia, now released from captivity, and the free agent of his own will, hesitated not to confide in his beloved pupil his name and rank; and, though unconscious of the real claims this dear youth had upon him, determined to adopt him as his son, and to hasten the moment his health permitted to Rome, to re-instate himself in his long-bereaved rank and possessions, and to deliver that packet to the pontiff supposed to be of so much consequence to Orlando.

Matilda too Lorenzo determined to provide for and protect, but not having so high an idea of her prudence as he had of Orlando's, had forborne

forborne to explain himself to her: who, fearing she had for ever lost the guardianship of Francisco (as he had commanded Orlando to conceal his being in the castle from Matilda, and every other individual), from some secret pleadings clung to Victoria for protection, though not doubting the friendship of Theodore or Sebastian; and, independent of other feelings, she still considered the auspices of Victoria the most honourable, the most eligible, she could obtain.

At the request of the duca di Manfredonia, Alphonso and Victoria postponed their intended departue from the castle of the Pyrenees, until renovated health and other circumstances permitted him and his children to accompany them. In a very few days after those interesting and affecting discoveries which the important confessions of Elfridii made, the pious resignation of the amiable Lorenzo inspired him with a sufficient degree of fortitude to undertake his last sad, solemn, heartrending duties to the manes of his adored, ill-fated, inestimable Viola.

Alone he first visited her unhallowed sepulchre; and for ever sacred be the sorrows of the real mourner! Lorenzo, thy griefs could only be equalled by the firmness with which thou didst bear them; and will not dare to disturb thee in that moment of anguish, which only prayer could lessen; nor shall we attempt to unveil those feelings which in this awful visit tortured and poured balm into thy wounded heart.

In a few subsequent days fathers Rinaldo and Pierre, with the other monks of St. Lewis, and all the principal ones of the different orders in Cadaques, removed with due solemnity all that now remained of the once beauteous, accomplished, and virtuous Viola to the nave of the castle church, where all the nuns and choirs of the neighbouring monasteries attended to chaunt requiems, and join in all the awful solemn rites the catholic persuasion called for over a murdered corse redeemed from an unhallowed grave.

Lorenzo's never-extinguished tenderness for his defamed Viola would not now suffer him to witness the affecting scene; but Victoria, at his most earnest entreaty, attended, to aid with her voice those requiems which, from the purity of her devotion, he said would sooner ascend to heaven. Though almost subdued by the poignancy of her own feelings, she could not refuse to comply with his wishes. She joined the choir; and in one line of solo, which it was in her part to sing, the excess of her sensibility, the fervours of her piety, led her to breath cadences of such thrilling pathos, such touching melody, that every auditor was at once subdued by the sensations the magic of her expression forcibly awakened. The choir, bound by the spell, had not power immediately to join in chorus; and for many minutes a total silence would have reigned, had it not been broken by the loud sobs of a numerous congregation, moved by the magic of sweet sounds to weep for the fate of her whom very few of them had ever seen: while a monk of the Carthusian order, who had fixed his station near the coffin, and who had hitherto evinced, by tears and sighs, the most painful emotion, now burst from the weeping throng, and rushed from the church, convulsed with anguish. No wonder, then, that Viola's own child should feel! Orlando, in dreadful agitation, quitted the church; and, flying for once from the fascinating voice of his Victoria, strove by every exertion of his mind to moderate his sensibility; and then sought his sister, whom he found seated at her father's chamber-door. Matilda would not intrude upon her parent's grief; but, watchful of him, she stationed her-

ſelf within the reach of ſound, and, as ſhe wept for the fate of her mother, echoed every heartrending ſigh that burſt from the agoniſed boſom of her father.

From the church was the body of Viola conveyed on board a galleon granted by the Spaniſh admiralty for the purpoſe. The ſtate-cabin was hung with all the inſignia of woe, for the reception of the body; and over the Spaniſh colours a black flag was hoiſted, eſcutcheoned with the armorial bearings of the houſes of Manfredoni and Palermo. Lorenzo, his children, with Alphonſo, Victoria, and all their different adherents, attended the manes of this victim of unmerited vengeance upon this mournful voyage to Naples; quitting for ever that caſtle, where in miſery and bondage many a virtuous being had lingered.

On their way to Naples they touched at the port of Leghorn; from whence fathers Rinaldo and Pierre made as expeditious a journey as poſſible to Rome, where they laid the dreadful confeſſions of the late Elfridii before the pontiff; who immediately diſpatched his nuncio, with proper attendants and credentials, along with theſe holy fathers, to the court of Naples, to arrange every neceſſary for a pompous reception of the body of Viola, and to have inſtant reſtitution made of the long uſurped poſſeſſions of Manfredonia and Palermo.

The remains of the lovely unfortunate Viola were therefore received upon landing by one of the moſt magnificent proceſſions that ever thronged the ſtreets of Naples. For three days the body lay in all the ſtate of catholic ceremonies, in the church of St. Roſolia, where maſſes and chants were hourly ſaid and ſung for the repoſe of her ſoul: and at the expiration of that period, all that remained of this once beauteous fragrant flower, 'nipped by an untimely froſt,' was conveyed for interment from Naples to the family mauſoleum at Manfredonia; attended through Naples, and for many miles out of the city, by the ſame magnificent proceſſion of all the religious, and all the equipages belonging to the court and to the nobility of Naples, which had received it from its marine conveyance: for, although ſo many years had elapſed ſince the family had been believed extinct, ſo revered was ſtill the name of Manfredonia, ſo indelibly had the virtue of that noble race been enrolled upon a tablet of never-fading fame, that every Neapolitan was eager to evince reſpect and pay attention to a family ſo villanouſly eſtranged, ſo miraculouſly reſtored to them.

The long-oppreſſed and ruined peaſantry of Manfredonia, now no longer able to clothe themſelves in reſpectable mourning, decked out with cypreſs, roſemory and yew came forth to meet their ruefully lamented, beloved ancient lord Deſpoiled by the depreſſive tyranny of the uſurper of every comfort under heaven, and well remembering the bleſſings they had enjoyed when vaſſalage was lightened by the benign and cheering influence of ſweet benevolence and philanthropy, the old inſpired the young with all their feelings, by tradition of paſt happineſs, united to thoſe awakened by the knowledge of preſent ſuffering.

The reſtoration of that adored, lamented family was to their anticipating hopes the inſtantaneous change of direful ſlavery, and every human miſery, to each bleſſing the world could ſupply. The ſudden tranſition from long habitual deſpair to hope and joy broke through every bound of moderation: their rapture was enthuſiaſm their happineſs evinced itſelf in wildeſt tumult, in ſhouts of tranſport, in frantic geſtures, in ſhrieks of ecſtaſy; nor could the efforts of the holy fathers of the neighbouring

neighbouring convents, who ſet out in ſolemn proceſſion with the phrenſied throng, check the exceſſes of their turbulent joy, which broke through all reſtraint, until they beheld the firſt of that party their eager eyes ſtrained with ardor to behold. It was the *bara* with the body of their once adored reſpected lady, who had been ſtolen from them and baſely traduced and murdered by thoſe who had beraved them of every comfort; and the tumult of joy inſtantly gave way to a burſt of agoniſed ungovernable grief.

The before ſolemn proceſſion from Naples was now thrown into the utmoſt confuſion. The young enthuſiaſts haſtened to unyoke the horſes for the honour of themſelves drawing the carriages of thoſe they had been taught to love and to regret, while the hyſteric ſobs and cries of the old women, and piteous groans of the aged men, as they ſurrounded the hearſe, mingled with the ſhouts of joy and tears of pleaſure ſhed, as all in ſucceſſion thronged round the carriage of Lorenzo to behold once more their beloved baſely-injured lord, rent the are and the bleeding boſoms of thoſe they meant to welcome; while the ſqualid miſery of their emaciated appearance awakened every feeling of pity for the oppreſſion that had thus direfully changed the aſpect of this once healthy and happy peaſantry.

The effect which ſuch a ſcene as this muſt have upon the ſuſceptible heart of Lorenzo, with his feelings upon his return to the caſtle of his anceſtors after ſuch an abſence would baffle the attempts of more experienced and abler hiſtorians than ourſelves to delineate. So fine, ſo lovely, ſo delicate of texture are ſome of the touches of the human heart, that imagination can only juſt conceive them; but Nature's own hand alone could trace them. Thoſe of our readers who have known affliction will find in their own prompt fancy a lively ſketch of Lorenzo's ſenſations; but ſuch as have culled the ſweet from the roſes of life, without one wound from its thorns, will eaſily forgive our paſſing them over, as well as our omitting a particular account of the interment of the lovely unfortunate Viola, who was now laid in the peaceful tomb of her huſband's anceſtors, nineteen years after the aſſaſſin's hand had ſent her pure ſpirit to a better world.

As ſoon after the interment of his Viola as his unfeigned grief would allow Lorenzo to think of any thing but her, he took the neceſſary meaſures to ſecure to himſelf and poſterity, without the poſſibility of future litigation, his long dormant titles and uſurped eſtates; and after appointing men of approved integrity and abilities to ſuperintend the management of his deranged affairs, and to take into ſpeedy conſideration the ruined ſtate of his vaſſals, with ſtrict injunctions to do all that humanity could ſuggeſt for their immediate and effectual relief, he accompanied his children and Alphonſo to the caſtle of Palino. Yet even here buſy memory ſpared him not many a bitter agoniſing pang; while the ardent, hoſpitable, cheerful, and affectionate Alphonſo ſtrove with all his might to baniſh ſorrow from the boſom of his gueſts.

To his ſteward conte Arioſto had diſpatched orders from Naples for the arrangement of the ſplendid celebration of his ſiſter's nuptials, and of his own majority; ſo that every preparation, was in great forwardneſs when the party arrived at Palino: and as Alphonſo's leave of abſence from his regiment was nearly expired, and Orlando was not very much averſe from expedition upon the occaſion, our hero and heroine's union, with Alphonſo coming of age, was celebrated with all that magnificence their rank in life demanded,

very ſhortly after their arrival in Tuſcany.

For ſeveral ſucceeding days the feſtivities continued; but at length the chilling hand of ſeperation intervened to damp their joy. The inevitable moment of Alphonſo's departure arrived, and ſadneſs reigned in every breaſt. He lived in the affection of all his gueſts; and regret and ſorrow filled up for a time the void his abſence made: and her ill concealed grief upon this occaſion firſt betrayed to Orlando and his Victoria that ſecret which Matilda had flattered herſelf would ever remain untombed with the impenetrable receſſes of her own boſom.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Endymion the Exile.

LETTER VIII.

I AM juſt returned, my dear Ambroſe, from a viſit to St. Paul's cathedral. Mr. Transfer proved to me yeſterday at an accidental meeting in the Strand, that no man could perform that office better than himſelf, becauſe he had a counting houſe in the city. This was certainly what the man in Fielding,s novel would have called a *non ſequitur*: however I did not deny his concluſion, and called upon him this day at two o'clock, at his counting-houſe, in a ſtreet dedicated to St. Swithin. I found my friend perched upon a high ſtool, like a Mandarin on a pedeſtal, ſurrounded by half a dozen clerks, and poring over a ledger with looks of no common earneſtneſs. 'Alas!' ſaid I to myſelf, 'who can ſuppoſe that this uncouth plant, unwatered by St. Swithin, can ever thrive in Baker-ſtreet.'—Mr. Transfer ſhook me heartily by the hand, and after diſencumbering his right ear from the ſtump of a pen, locked his deſk, and aſſured his head clerk, that he was going on *particular buſineſs*, and ſhould return in an hour. During our walk along Cheapſide—'What made you,' exclaimed I, 'denominate your viſit to St. Paul's particular buſineſs? You are not going to be buried there, are you?' 'No,' anſwered he, ſmiling, 'but I would not have my clerks know where we are going for the world! It would not look like a man of buſineſs!' We ſoon found ourſelves at the ſouth gate of that wonderful edifice, which to me, who have neither viſited Rome, appears a ſtructure of unequaled grandeur, and worthy of the deity to whome it is dedicated. Influenced by the example of mr. Transfer, I now took of my hat, out of reſpect, I preſume, to Eolus, who whiſtling along the aiſles like an irreverent pagan, and walked forward to the choir, where half a dozen boys in white frocks, were ſquabbling for apples, and ſcreaming anthems. 'Is not this an awful ſight?' cried mr. Transfer, wiping his forehead, and looking as devout as his terreſtrial viſage would allow—'Not quite ſo awful,' anſwered I, 'as the ceremony at Notre Dame.' 'Nor Devil,' cried Transfer peeviſhly, 'come along and look at the monuments.' Juſt at that inſtant, a ſmoke dried old man, with a long ſtick, finding the ſervice concluded, began to hunt the congregation out at the ſouth gate, as eagerly as I have ſeen a picardy farmer drive hogs from his incloſure. 'What is the ſacrilegious old man about,' ſaid I, 'is not a place of worſhip in England, open to every body.' 'Yes,' ſaid my civic aſſociate, 'to every body who pays two-pence.' 'Two pence,' replied I, in amazement, 'your dean and chapter remember the parable of the good Samaritan, but reverſe the donation—what are we to think of them for permitting this extortion?' 'Think!' rejoined Transfer, 'why that they are men of buſineſs—all trades muſt live!' This argument was unanſwerable, ſo we paid our

two-pence each, and proceeded to inſpect the monuments.

We had not walked many paces, before we were ſtopped by mr. Transfer exclaiming, 'Now I call that a deviliſh effeminate fellow for a ſea-captain—Here's a great lubberly chap, falling into a woman's arms (his miſtreſs mayhap) who has taken a wreath of flowers off her head to pop upon his.' I now found that the lady, who ſeemed to have nothing eaſy about her but her virtue, was Fame, encircling the hero's head, with a wreath of laurel, and expreſſed my concern at her attitude, ſhe having, like an awkward damſel in a dance, trod upon her own train, and being in the very act of falling with the warrior, whome it was her duty to ſupport. We now returned towards the choir, and obſerved in a nook a gigantic figure, naked from the waiſt upwards. 'That,' ſaid my Mentor, 'is doctor Johnſon.' 'I have heard of him,' ſaid I, rather miſchievouſly, 'for what was he famous?' 'He wrote a great many thumping books,' ſaid Transfer, 'and was very thick with Thrale the brewer,' Walking a few paces further, we ſtopt to view a tall meagre figure, with a collection of priſon keys at his feet. 'Who is this,' ſaid I. 'That ſir,' ſaid a bye ſtander' 'is Howard' 'Pray who is Howard,' ſaid I, touching mr. Transfer's right elbow. 'Why—a—he was the *keeper of Newgate*,' ſaid Transfer. I thanked him, and we walked on. Arriving at the centre of the building, mr. Transfer touched a braſs grating with his cane, and cried—'Here my boy is the ſpot—here's where Nelſon is buried!' 'Ah! my friend,' ſaid I, 'he was an abſolute Gulliver among the Lilliputian navy of my country—towing away our three deckers by hand-fulls—he mr. Transfer, was a *man of buſineſs!*' 'Right my boy,' nodded Transfer; 'I ſee you underhand trap.' Paſſing on to the north gate, we ſoon arrived at a monument which exhibited fame preſenting a ſword to an officer conſpicuous for a roman noſe and Grecian nudity. 'There,' cried Transfer, as boldy as if he underſtood the ſubject 'I call that ſomething like.' 'I wiſh,' ſaid I, 'that the lady had given the hero notice of her approach, in which caſe he would doubtleſs have applied to ſome Wapping ſlop-ſeller, to accommodate him with coat, waiſtcoat, and breeches. This captain has often given my countrymen a *dreſſing*, but has generouſly neglected to ſecure one for himſelf.' When this ſally had taken about a minute and a half to inſinuate itſelf into mr. Transfer's brain, he burſt into a horſe laugh, which drew ſo much notice from the dome gazing multitude, that we were glad to elope, and I accompanied my puffing and groaning companion up a winding ſtair-caſe to the *whiſpering* gallery. Here, from the epithet abovementioned, I expected that we ſhould be treated like *Macbeth*, and that the '*very ſtones would prate of our whereabout.*' But to my great diſappointment, it was the man and not the gallery that whiſpered. We waited a few minutes to liſten to a ſtory about ſir Chriſtopher *Wren*, told by a man who hiſſed like a *gooſe*, and then groped our way up to the Iron Gallery, which overtops the dome of this mighty edifice.

It is totally out of my power, my dear Ambroſe, to give thee an adequate deſcription of the variety of objects that now ſaluted my view. Churches, bridges, ſtreets, ſquares, and gardens, interſected by the majeſtic Thames, bearing a tide of wealth and health on his ſpacious boſom, threw me into an awful reverie, from which I was at length awakened by a flap on the ſhoulder from mr. Transfer, who told me that if we did not make haſte, he ſhould be to late for change, and that, added he, 'would not look like a man of buſineſs?' Adieu!

Memoirs of Sir Arthur Wellesley, K. B. Lieutenant General of his Majesty's Forces, Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, &c. &c. *(Continued from page 456.)*

AT the commencement of the year 1800, general Harris having quitted India for Europe, the command of the Madras army devolved upon major gen. Brathwaite; about which period it was judged expedient to order colonel Wellesley upon an expedition against the freebooter Dhoondia Waugh, who was at this time in considerable force, and committed the most violent outrages upon the company's territory, and of whom it was necessary to make a severe example.

This person, originally a partisan in the service of the Pata state of Savanore, having committed various depredations on the territorities of Tippoo Sultaun, had incurred the resentment of that prince, who having found means to secure his person, he was induced by him to become a mahometan, and engage in his service. In some time, however, Tippoo, either suspecting the fidelity, or having detected Dhoondia in some treacherous projects, confined him in the fort of Seringapatam, where he was actually found in irons, at the time of its capture by general Harris.

He was, with many others in similar circumstances, released in consequence of that event: but instead of manifesting gratitude to his deliverers, he fled in the direction of Bednore, where, associating himself with some of the disbanded cavalry of Tippoo, and various predatory adventurers, he spread rapine and desolation throughout that fine province. In the months of July and August, 1799, colonels Stevenson and Dalrymple, of the Madras army, had been sent against him, took some of the forts of which he had possessed himself, destroyed many of his men, and drove him into the Marhatta territory, whither it was not deemed prudent to follow him.

Severe, however, as was this chastisement, it was not sufficient to deter Dhoondia from again tempting his fate. Upon the return of those officers to their cantonments, he again commenced hostilities, and in the course of a few months his force had increased to that alarming extent, as to menace the tranquility of the company's possessions, and those of its allies in the western provinces of the peninsula. Hence rose the necessity of detaching col. Wellesley with such a force as should, directed by his acknowledged military talents, and conducted by his accustomed zeal and activity, leave little doubt of the total subjugation of the rebel. Nor was the event miscalculated. In the month of September, 1800, this gallant officer took the field: on the 5th, he entered the nizam's territories; and on the 9th, after a series of the most masterly movements, executed with almost unexampled vigour and rapidity, he intercepted Dhoondia's force, consisting of 5,000 cavalry, at Conahgull, on his march to the westward. This body was strongly posted, its rear and left flank being covered by the rock and village of Conahgull; at this moment the horse alone of colonel Wellesley's army were come up. With these, however, he determined to attack the enemy, and at the head of the 19th and 25th dragoons, and 1st and 2d regiments of native cavalry, extended into one line, in order to prevent his being outflanked, he commenced the battle. The enemy at first shewed much firmness; but such was the termination and rapidity of the charge, that he soon gave way, and was pursued for several miles by the conquerors: Dhoondia with vast numbers of his followers were killed, and the whole body was so broken up and dispersed, as never again to cause any disturbance.

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For this great and eſſential ſervice colonel Welleſley received the thanks of general Brathwaite and of the governor-general in council, for the indefatigable activity which he diſplayed in all his operations—his judicious arrangements for the ſupply of his army, and the maſterly diſpoſition which terminated in the defeat and diſcomfiture of the enemy. In effect, this ſhort, but brilliant and deciſive campaign raiſed the character of colonel Welleſley in India to a degree, in the eſtimation of military men, which even his ſubſequent great actions in that country have not heightened.

At this time the firſt revolutionary war, which preceded the ſhort-lived peace of Amiens, raged in every quarter of the globe. Having eſtabliſhed an apparently profound tranquility throughout India, the great and comprehenſive mind of the governor-general, now marquis Welleſley, meditated an expedition to Batavia, to be commanded by general Baird, who had diſtinguiſhed himſelf by leading the aſſault at Seringapatam, in the event of the ſucceſs of this enterpriſe, a part of the force was to have been detached for the purpoſe of attacking the Mauritius and the iſle of Bourbon. Colonel Welleſley was deſtined to this important duty. Accordingly, in the month of December, 1800, that officer was recalled from his command in the Myſore, and quitted his government of Seringapatam, followed by the good wiſhes and prayers of the native inhabitants, and the ſincereſt teſtimonies of friendſhip and reſpect from the troops ſo long under his command.

From ſome ſtrange miſconception of the powers of the governor-general, the neceſſary co-operation of admiral Rainer, then commanding in chief in the Indian ſeas, could not be obtained to this great and deſirable object; and it accordingly fell to the ground, very much to the detriment and injury of the Britiſh intereſts in India.

This circumſtance enabled the governor general to avail himſelf once more of the ſervices of colonel Welleſley in the Myſore; he was accordingly remanded to the command of the forces in that country, and to his government of Seringapatam; to which capital he returned in May, 1801.

In the interval between this period and the Marhatta war, in which the ſubject of this memoir took ſuch a diſtinguiſhed part, he attained the rank of major-gen. in his majeſty's forces.

It would be as foreign to the plan of this part of our publication, as it would far exceed our limits, to enter into a detailed account of the cauſes and origin of the hoſtilities commenced by the Britiſh government of India againſt the Marhatta chieftans, Bhoolla and Scindeah, in November, 1802, and which terminated ſo glorioufly for England in the following year. To dwell upon the profound policy, the unabating energy, and the unchecked proſperity which marked this conteſt from the beginning, wou'd be to enter upon the eulogium of the marquis Welleſley—a ſubject far beyond our feeble pen, and to be handed down to poſterity by far other abilities than thoſe we preſume to poſſeſs. Suffice it for the preſent, that when the intrigues of thoſe chieftains, their predatory ſpirit and the uſurpation of the peiſhwah's authority by one of them, had rendered it indiſpenſably neceſſary to the exiſtence of the Britiſh power in India that they ſhould be checked in their career, lord Clive, then at the head of the Madras government, aſſembled an army of 19,000 men, under lieutenant-general Stuart, on the north-weſtern frontier; whence it became neceſſary to detach a very conſiderable force into the Marhatta territories, in order to reſcue Poonah,

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the capital of the peifhwah, our ally, as well as the perfon of that prince himfelf, from the rapacious grafp of Scindeah and Holkar, who were contending who fhould poffefs himfelf of both.

This force, conffifting of about 12,000 men, was placed under the command of major-general Wellefley, who had alfo under him colonel Stevenfon, at the head of the nizam's fubfidiary force of nearly 9,000 troops, ftrengthened by 6,000 of that prince's difciplined infantry, and about 9,000 of his cavalry; making, in the whole, an army of nearly 35,000 men, with a proportionate train of artillery.

Having, by the judicious pofition of the force under colonel Stevenfon, fecured his communication with the latter, and fupplies of provifions for his own army, general Wellefley deemed it effential to advance to Poonagh the whole of the force deftined to refcue the peifhwah from the tyrannous ufurpation of the Marhatta chieftain Holkar, who was not only in poffeffion of his perfon, but of his capital and dominions. On the night of the 19th of April, therefore, having undoubted information that Holkar's general was determined to plunder and burn Poonah on the approach of the Britifh troops, he puffed forward over a rugged country, through a dangerous and difficult pafs, and in thirty-two hours reached the capital of the peifhwah, at the head of his cavalry, after a forced march of fixty miles! The unexampled celerity of this movement faved Poonah from the dreadful fate by which it was menaced; and in a few days he had the fatisfaction of reftoring this city to lawful fovereign, amidft the rejoicings of the inhabitants, who, as well as the peifhwah, manifefted the greateft gratitude to the Britifh general for their unexpected and almoft unhoped-for deliverance.

The refult of this brilliant achievement was of the utmoft confequence to the Britifh intereffs in India, at a very critical juncture. Independently of its defeating a project of almoft unparalleled barbarity, it enabled general Wellefley, in thus reftoring the chief of the Marhatta confederation to his juft rank and dignity in thofe ftates, to take the full benefit of the treaty of Baffein, concluded between the peifhwah and the Britifh government the December preceding, and rendered that prince a moft ufeful ally in the approaching war with Scindeah and the Berar rajah.

Having fucceeded in completely reftoring tranquility in the dominions of the peifhwah, and placed the revenues and troops of that prince upon the beft footing, in contemplation of the approaching campaign, rendered more than probable by the hoftile confederation of Bhoofla and Scindeah, immediately under the influence of French intrigue and interference, general Wellefley marched from Poonah on the 4th of June, with the main body of his army, and on the 14th, took up his ground at Walker, a ftrong poft belonging to Scindeah, within a fhort diftance of the city and almoft impregnable fortrefs of Amednagur, belonging alfo to that chieftain, and eighty miles diftant from Poonah: a pofition chofen with the greateft judgment, as it placed the Britifh army in the beft fituation for commencing hoftilities, fhould the pending negociations be broken off between the Britifh government and the Marhatta confederates.

In this advanced point of the Deccan, it became neceffary for the governor-general, on the ground of avoiding unneceffary delay in the important difcuffions to which we have above adverted, to veft general Wellefly with full powers to carry them on, and fettle, on the fpot, every requifite arrangement either for peace or war, as circumftances fhould determine. This important commiffion was accordingly beftowed on ge-

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neral Wellesley, whose subsequent conduct, during a diplomatic contest conducted on the part of the Marhatta princes with all the wiles and subtility of the east, fully justified the confidence reposed in his characteristic sagacity, judgment, spirit, and decision.

It would far exceed our proposed limits to detail the various evasive futile, and insincere measures which marked the conduct of the confederated Marhatta chieftains, and which, at length compelled the British government to resort to the sword; and it is equally impossible for us to enter into the masterly manner which the governor-general planned a campaign, in which he brought into the field 54,918 men, so distributed as to carry on at one and the same moment the most vigorous operations against the enemy in almost every quarter of the peninsula of India, and by which he terminated a war of a few months duration with the attainment of every proposed object, without sustaining in that period the slighest check or reverse of fortune! Suffice it to mention, that while the army of Bengal was destined to act under the personal command of general Lake in the north-western provinces of Hindostan, that of Madras was placed under the orders of major-general Wellesley, for the purpose of opposing the combined army of the enemy under the personal command of Scindeah, to the southward.

On the 8th of August, general Wellesley took the field, and marched with about 9,000 troops, in the proportion of 7,000 sepoys to 2,000 Europeans, against Amednagur; and on the same day that city was taken, surrounded as it was by a high and strong wall, by a spirited effort, it being carried by escalade and storm, with but small loss. On the 10th, the batteries were opened before the fortress of the same name, and, on the 12th, it surrendered at discretion: a conquest, the first fruits of general Wellesley's activity, which immediately gave the possession of districts to the annual amount of 72,000l. sterling. On the 24th of August, the British force crossed the Godavery river, and, on the 29th, reached Aurungabad. From this point, by a masterly and rapid movement along the left bank of the Godavery to the eastward, general Wellesley completely prevented Scindeah from crossing that river, and attacking, as he had intended, our ally, the nizam, in his very capital; and, at the same time, covered two valuable convoys of treasure and grain, which were on the way for the supply of his forces.

Scindeah, thus baffled, assembled the whole of the army under his immediate command at a strong position on the north bank of the river Kaitreah, near the Adjuntee Pass, to the amount of 38,500 cavalry, 10,500 regular infantry, 500 matchlocks, 500 rocket men, and a 190 pieces of ordnance, determined, it should seem, to try the fate of a battle with the British army, which the vast superiority of his force, and the strength of his position, gave him the strongest and fairest probability of hazarding with advantage. In addition to the troops we have particularized, Scindeah stationed a few thousand well-trained Marhatta cavalry in the Adjuntee hills.

On the 21st of September, colonel Stevenson, who commanded the subsidiary force, and who acted in concert with, and under the orders of general Wellesley, formed a junction with that officer. It was then determined that they should again separate and advance towards the enemy in distinct divisions, and by different routes, as the best means of compelling him to a general action, were he found disposed to continue the defensive system he had hitherto adopted. General Wellesley and colonel Stevenson accordingly marched towards

the enemy's encampment, the former taking the eaſtern, the latter a weſtern direction; their point of junction, and the time, having been previouſly arranged.

On the ever-memorable 23d of September, general Wellesley arrived at Naulnair, where he received information that the combined Marhatta army was within ſix miles of the ground he intended to occupy; but that ſome ſymptoms appeared of his intention to break up his encampment, and retreat on the approach of the Britiſh troops. In the apprehenſion of loſing an opportunity which might not again occur of ſtriking a deciſive blow, general Wellesley inſtantly determined, although his army had marched fourteen miles that morning, to attack him, without waiting for colonel Stevenſon's diviſion. This bold reſolve was at once the reſult of the greateſt intrepidity and the profoundeſt judgment. Had the Britiſh general awaited the junction, the enemy, informed of their approach, would have ample time to have withdrawn his guns and infantry during the night, and thus have eaſily avoided a general engagement; a circumſtance which muſt not only have protracted the campaign, but have probably been greatly detrimental to the future progreſs of the Britiſh arms in that quarter: whereas, by the bold meaſure which general Wellesley adopted, of attacking him without delay, the ſmallneſs of the Britiſh force would probably tempt Scindeah to engage, where he had the greateſt proſpect of defeating.

In purſuance of this reſolution, which could alone have been undertaken by the moſt reſolute and daunleſs mind, general Wellesley, having refreſhed his men, moved forward, and came in ſight of the enemy (after a march in the whole of twenty miles, the laſt ſix of which under the heats of a vertical ſun,) poſted, as we have already deſcribed, their right being upon the village of Bokerdun, and their left on that of Aſſye; which latter place, in giving its name to the battle, has been immortalized.

General Wellesley's approach was in front of the enemy's right; but finding that the infantry and guns were poſted on the left, he reſolved there to make his attack. Accordingly, he made the neceſſary movement for that purpoſe, covering his infantry, as they moved round, with the Britiſh cavalry in the rear, and by that of the peiſhwah and nizam on the right flank. Having forced the river Kaitna at a point beyond the enemy's left, general Wellesley now formed his army in order of battle; drawing up his infantry in two lines; the Britiſh cavalry in a third, as a reſerve; and the auxiliary native horſe were poſted on the flank of the Britiſh army, in order to check the approach of a large body of that of the enemy, which had ſlowly followed its movement, from the right of their own poſition.

The force of the confederated chieftains we have already detailed: that of the Britiſh army did not exceed, on this trying day, 4,500 men, of whom 2,000 alone were Europeans! Superior ſkill, judgment, diſcipline, and intrepidity were, however, on the ſide of the latter, and more than counterbalanced the ſuperiority of the enemy's numbers.

(To be continued.)

London Faſhions.

WALKING DRESS.

AROUND cambric gown, with high tan ruff; a Polith coat with Carmelite mantle, of bright graſs-green, or royal purple velvet, trimmed entirely round with ermine, and claſped up the ſide of the figure with ſteel or ſilver. A ſhepherdeſs's hat of green velvet or muſs ſtraw, with variegated green feathers

feathers, and Chineſe taſſel. Shoes of black Spaniſh ſilk, or pale amber velvet; and gloves of York tan.

A round robe of ſhawl muſlin in white or colours. A plain French coat of Merino cloth, or ſhot ſarſnet; the colour bright morone, or crimſon ſhot, trimmed entirely round with chenille fur. A three quartered opera tippet of the ſame. A village bonnet of ſarſnet, or ſatin, formed in French flutings in front, ornamented with a full bow of appropriate ribband in the centre, and tied under the chin with the ſame. Shoes of graſs-green, or morone velvet; and gloves of grey Limerick.

FULL, OR EVENING DRESS.—A Spaniſh robe and drapery of bright amber crape, worn over a white ſatin ſlip, trimmed round with a vandyke of lace, or froſted ſilver; a full Spaniſh ſleeve, and fronts of blended materials the ſame as the dreſs. White ſatin girdle, with rich Minerva claſp of froſted ſilver, gold, or brilliants. A drawn tucker of fine French net. Hair, a waved crop. Shoes white ſatin, and gloves French kid.—A very young woman may appear in this attractive coſtume without any other ornament, but to thoſe who are of maturer years this dreſs cannot be deemed conſiſtent, or complete, without necklace, earrings, and bracelets of pearl, diamonds, or ſome delicate ſubſtitute.

AN EVENING DRESS.—A white goſſamer ſatin petticoat and veſt, with a Turkiſh hanging ſleeve. Robe, of white, roſe-coloured, or graſs-green imperial net, with ſhirt to correſpond; the robe trimmed entirely round with Chineſe or roſet edging in floſs ſilk. The under-dreſs confined round the waiſt with a large cord and taſſel of ſilk or ſilver, and faſtened at the bottom with a brooch of diamonds or ſtudded ſilver. A Roman hood formed of point lace or French net; lappets and front of rich vandyke antique, finiſhed with a full bow of ribband at the pole of the neck. The hair in irregular curls on the forehead. Shoes of white Spaniſh; and gloves of white kid.

General Obſervations on the Faſhions for the Seaſon.

AUTUMN, faſt verging to a cloſe, her more ſombre ſiſter will ſoon commence her ſterile reign. The exhilarating rays of the glowing ſun are now but partially diſpenſed; and the cheerful blaze of the ſocial fire-ſide, the brilliant aſſemblage which illumines the evening party and graces the board of conviviality, ſucceed to the pleaſures of an evening ramble or morning parade. The *déjeune* gives place to the more ſplendid dinner; and the charms of a ſea-ſide ſtroll are now exchanged for the pleaſures of the theatre, and rambles amidſt the haunts of faſhion and elegance.

Although it is as yet conſidered too early for faſhion to aſſume a determined character, yet many ſeaſonable changes have taken place in the ſeveral degrees of female attire, and theſe we ſhall delineate with our accuſtomed fidelily. Peliſſes and mantles of fine Vigonia cloth (an elegant and entirely novel manufacture of Spaniſh wool), kerſeymere, and double twilled figured ſarſnet, are now introduced as appropriate and ſeaſonable articles; and will probably blend with the velvet, which is generally diſtinguiſhable during the winter months, and whoſe richneſs, warmth, and beauty muſt ever render it an article of much popular elegance.—There is at preſent little of novelty in the conſtruction of mantles and peliſſes; we ſhall however take care to mention not only what is at this time conſidered moſt genteel and new, but ſhall notice alſo ſuch as are likely to be in faſhionable requeſt during the winter. The ſtyle and conſtruction

not having yet become deciſive, there is yet much latitude given to individual taſte and the exerciſe of fancy; for though numberleſs winter articles have iſſued from the loom of the manufacturer, and are exhibited at the marts of elegance and taſte, yet they cannot at this early period have received that entire ſtamp of faſhionable approbation,—we ſhall doubtleſs be enabled more decidedly to pourtray them in our next number.

The ſimple wrap peliſſe will, from its eaſe and utility, be long ere it is exploded. The cardinal, or ruſtic mantle, recommends itſelf alſo from its convenience and warmth, and from the graceful negligence of its folds, when wrapt round the figure. The pilgrim's cloak and bonnet, formed of a ruſſet brown cloth, or morone kerſeymere, compriſes much ingenuity in its conſtruction, and is well calculated to diſplay to advantage a tall and graceful figure; but the moſt novel article in this line is a plain coat of Vigonia cloth, of a pale olive or bright green. This coat is made to fit cloſe to the form, without any ſeam or opening in front; it buttons on one ſhoulder, ſomewhat like the high robe morning dreſs; but this junction, however, is hid by a ſhort mantle of the complete Spaniſh form, which flows gracefully over the back, inclining towards that ſhoulder where the coat is faſtened, but will wrap at pleaſure round the form, and thus ſecure the cheſt from cold. In a carriage, this mantle is ſometimes wrought in a border of ſhaded chenille of well-contraſted lines; in general, however, it is edged with a large ſilk cord or chain the ſame colour as the coat and mantle. As the winter advances theſe trimmings will doubtleſs give place to that of the moſt appropriate fur.

Large India ſhawls, or ſcarfs taſtefully wrapt round the figure, are ſeen amidſt the above-mentioned out-door habiliments, while thoſe of fine Spaniſh ſilk are allowed to form a moſt graceful appendage to the evening party. We muſt however here remark, that much taſte is required to produce that unſtudied and graceful negligence which alone can render theſe ornaments advantageous to their wearers.

Coloured and white muſlin, together with ſhot or figured ſarſnet India ſhawl robes, with thoſe of goſſamer ſatin, now conſtitute the ſeveral ſtyle of gowns; but theſe will doubtleſs ſoon give place in ſome degree to thoſe formed of velvet, Georgian or Vigonia cloth, which latter article will moſt probably become a reigning favourite during the winter; in ſoftneſs and warmth it reſembles the texture of the Indian ſhawl; and its graceful pliability as it waves round the figure, muſt render it a moſt becoming and acceptable article for train robes, which are now very generally attached to the evening or full dreſs. Plaid ſcarfs fancifully diſpoſed, or ſhort tunicks to fit the form, and worn over white crape, leno, or muſlin round gowns, have a very animated and pleaſing effect, and add to the gay variety which diſtinguiſhes the evening party.

In full dreſs, borders of flowers in tambour wrought in chenille, or in gold or ſilver, are ſeen to ornament the white robe. Satin jackets of the Swediſh peaſant form, either of white graſs green, or crimſon, and worn with white muſlin or ſilver tiſſue petticoats, and a Spaniſh hat of white froſted ſatin with ſilver Trafalgar binding, is a moſt attractive habiliment. Looſe Spaniſh robes are alſo introduced in this ſtyle of coſtume, and are formed of divers materials; we have ſeen one of bright morone muſlin, with a pea ſpot of raiſed velvet the ſame colour, worn with an under-dreſs of white goſſamer ſatin, which in appropriate taſte and ſeaſonable elegance could not be exceeded. With theſe dreſſes, as alſo wi

all deep colours, the ornaments ſhould conſiſt either of gold, ſilver, pearl, or diamonds. The winged ruff of antique lace, is often ſeen to give grace and dignity to the full dreſs, and to which it ſolely belongs. We have before remarked that this ornament can only be worn with advantage by females whoſe necks are long and ſhoulders finely turned; to ſhort women it may detract from ſymmetry, but can never produce grace. With the morning robe the fluted frill of lace, or muſlin, is exceedingly becoming, it ſhould be worn with a bonnet which ſits cloſe to the pole of the neck behind, where it is met by the edge of the lace, and being gradually ſloped to a point at the centre of the throat, forms a very ſenſible ſhelter for the ears againſt the autumnal blaſts.

The boſoms of robes now admit a great variety in their conſtruction; ſome are formed in horizontal flutings or plaits, others with the peaked ſtomacher, ſomewhat like thoſe of the ancients. but not of ſuch glittering attraction. The plain round bias, or wrap front, is now more generally edged with a full chain, moſt curiouſly conſtructed, of the ſame material as the robe; but thoſe females to whom nature has diſpenſed a full buſt, will do well to reject this redundant ornament, and ſubſtitute a leſs obtruding finiſh,—ſuch as the ſimple cord, Indian ribband, Turkiſh chain of ſilver, or narrow border of tambour.

Morning dreſſes are very properly conſtructed high in the neck, with long ſleeves, and military fronts, while ſome are ornamented with lace or needlework in the ſtyle of the habit-ſhirt; this latter article is ſtill much in requeſt, and indeed it will be difficult to change it to advantage for ſuch females as are diſpoſed to ſhade the boſom. The difference obſerved in the conſtruction and materials of theſe very becoming appendages, will form that diſtinction which adapts them to the morning and evening coſtume; in the latter ſtyle, however, they ſeldom appear but on thoſe females who have paſſed their meridian.

Caps variouſly conſtructed, either of lace, or muſlin and needlework, with lace beading, generally form a part of the morning dreſs, and indeed many appear in theſe feminine ornaments at dinner and evening parties; but when worn on theſe occaſions the formation muſt neceſſarily be more light and fanciful. The ſtraw bonnet, of the cloſe cottage or mountain form, trimmed with narrow bands and bows of bright morone, or amber coloured ribbon, are adopted as an appropriate ſhelter for our fair pedeſtrians at this ſeaſon; and indeed ſome few large gipſey hats with flat crowns, and full edges of fancied neſs, tied acroſs with coloured handkerchiefs of ſilk, intermingled with the gay diverſity which marks the multitude at this unſettled ſeaſon.—Fur caps are introduced at many of our faſhionable marts, but they are certainly an article by far too early diſplayed and only adapted for the winter months; when they may not only be conſidered as appropriate and ſeaſonable, but ſtylish and becoming.

Mantles of kerſeymere and Indian ſhawls, with the white opera tipped of ſwanſdown, are generally worn as ſhelters from the partial air of the theatres. Half boots of kid, jean, or velvet are juſt beginning to appear, but we hope they will ſoon be compelled to hide themſelves in obſcurity.—The high ſhoe may be admitted as equally uſeful, and is certainly leſs maſculine and leſs offenſive to the eye, Slippers of morone, graſs-green, or amber velvet, are ſelected by ſuch females as only appear abroad in carriages; they are far too gay and attractive for ſuch of our fair countrywomen as are denied this elegant

luxury

luxury and who ſhould in a metropolis like this ever be diſtinguiſhable for the chaſte yet faſhionable ſimplicity of their attire, rather than be deſirous of attracting by ſingularity and ſhow.

Except in full dreſs, gloves are left entirely to individual choice; but pale colours in French kid, we think, have lately ſucceeded to the York tan and Limerick of univerſal adoption. The moſt faſhionable colours for the ſeaſon are bright morone and amber ſpots, graſs-green, purple, and ſcarlet.

Great Britain and Spain.

MR. EDITOR,

UNDER the idea that the following curious prediction may afford amuſement to your readers, I beg leave to offer it for inſertion in your magazine. It is a circumſtance peculiarly ſtriking at this time, and ſhows how the diſcriminating eye of mr. Semple had diſcovered, ſo long ago as the latter end of the year 1806, or beginning of 1807, the univerſal hatred which prevailed among the Spaniards towards the French, and the kindling ſparks of that flame, which has burſt forth with ſuch glorious energy and patriotic enthuſiaſm.

In a work entitled, 'Obſervations on a Journey through Spain and Italy, to Naples, &c. &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1807. By Robert Semple.' In the preface to the firſt volume, dated 25th of March, 1807, is the following remarkable paſſage.

'In the preſent political ſtate of Europe, and, indeed, at all times, the propriety of England's cultivating a cloſe and friendly intercourſe with Spain is ſo apparent, that we cannot but feel ſurpriſed it ſhould have been ſo long neglected. On enquiry we find the cauſes of this to be various. Ancient wars; alliances between the two former monarchies of France and Spain; and the intereſts of the latter country and of England, badly underſtood by both. Yet, I affirm, that ſuch are the diſpoſitions of the Spaniards' towards the Engliſh, that with a little care on the part of the government, the two countries might become indiſſolubly united. It is here that we ought to look for a great balance to the power of France in the weſt. *It is in this country, perhaps, unfavourable as appearances may now be, that the freedom of Europe is deſtined to commence.* The Highlanders of Britain may ſtill rouſe to arms in a kindred language, their Celtic brethren in the mountains of Leon, Biſcay, and Gallicia; and even extend their enthuſiaſm over the plains to the center of the country, and the mountains of Arragon and Guadarrama.'

I am, ſir,
Your obedient humble ſervant,
JOHN ADAMSON.

Defence of Matrimony; or, how to Marry Happily.

MR. EDITOR,

CLERICUS deſerves the grateful thanks of the moral part of the community, for his *ſenſible* letter in defence of *marriage*. It is a lamentable fact, of which he appears fully aware, that many young perſons in the preſent age, ſeem entirely to diſregard *matrimony*. Heathens and Savages have not leſs reſpect for the holy inſtitution, than many of our *modern* Chriſtians: our preſent race of young men—aye, and women too, are fooliſhly impatient of reaſonable controul, and madly ruſh into the vortex of unlawful pleaſures—they riſk all that is dear to reputation, and ſeek no enjoyment beyond momentary gratification——hence the virtuous are hourly annoyed by

the

the diſguſting ribaldry of impertinent debauchees, and the feelings of the benevolent are perpetually harrowed up with pictures of diſtreſs amongſt wretched, ſeduced, and abandoned females. The ſtate of ſociety, in conſequence of the laxity of morals, is lamentable, and the vigorous exertions of the truly good were never more imperatively called for; the remedy is in their hands. Let every virtuous perſon endeavour to recover one from the ſtrayed flock—let every *clergyman* emulate the excellent example of *Clericus*, and by recommending *marriage*, diſcountenance immorality.

The pleaſures of a married life are *indeſcribable*——they are pleaſures which *none but the married feel*. I am a competent evidence in the affair—I married young, and with the pureſt and beſt of motives. I was deſirous of making a fellow-creature happy, and looked around me for the moſt wretched amongſt females, that I might reſcue her from extreme miſery, and have the ſatisfaction of beholding perpetually the good effects of my zealous endeavours. I married—not one of thoſe, whoſe irreproachable character is a ſure paſſport in the family of any to whom by marriage ſhe might be allied; but one apparently forſaken—one neglected by the unforgiving—an outcaſt from modeſt female ſociety—one who was dejected, broken-hearted, and penitent: and have, for the laſt fifty years of my life, (excuſe the garrulity of an old man) had the enviable joy of beholding a perennial ſtream of gratitude and love, for having conferred a benefit on an unfortunate fellow-creature. My children have the beſt of mothers—and, Heaven be praiſed! I have the beſt of wives.

Let the young men who prefer lawleſs liberty to domeſtic happineſs, follow my example; then the number of the wretched will be diminiſhed, and what *Clericus*, and every religious character wiſhes to ſee, will take place—Marriage and happineſs will be ſynonymous terms.

NESTOR.

The Wife.

THE ſtorm ſtill raged, and Ellen's heart ſtill beat with terror.—In the pauſes of the thundering elements, the raven's ſhrieks alone were heard, and to her ſtartled ear they ſounded like the ſhrieks of death. She preſt her burning forehead, and leaving the tremendous foreſt, ruſhed over a drawbridge, ſwift as her feet would bear her. The place ſhe entered was an ancient defolated hall, where many a tattered trophy hung around, which flapped with ſolemn murmuring to and fro, as the winds whiſtled through the broken caſements. She ſtopped for breath, and, trembling, turned her eyes to ſee if ſtill the aſſaſſin followed—but all was dark. Scarce knowing how to act, ſhe leaned againſt a mutilated pillar and, clung, like the ivy's tendrils, round it for ſupport. Awhile the thunder ceaſed; but ſtill the rain poured down in torrents—ſinking on her knees, her lips breathed holy wiſhes, and ſhe addreſſed herſelf to Heaven; but ſoon again the thunder rolled, and as the lightnings darted round, once more ſhe ſaw the ruffian whom ſhe dreaded:——uttering a convulſive cry, which fortunately was buried in the raging of the tempeſt, ſhe clung ſtill nearer to the pillar, and ſcarcely, dared to breath—her eyes were fixed upon him; at intervals the flaſhes made him viſible—he advanced—again—ſtill nearer—ſhe now heard his footſteps—he was within a ſtride of where ſhe lay—in ſuſpenſive agony ſhe watched—he was oppoſite her, muttering ſome words of dark intent—another flaſh, more vivid than

than the reſt, glanced o'er a dagger which he held; it met her eye, and ſhe ſank inſenſible on the pavement.

When Ellen awoke to feeling, the ſtorm fiend howled no more, the thunder's burſts were huſhed, and the feeble moon appeared attempting to break through the heavy clouds that ſtill encompaſſed and almoſt concealed her. The hapleſs lady looked around, but no forbidding object met her ſight. She preſſed her beating heart, and tried to recollect herſelf, but her thoughts were all confuſed.—'Oh! what a night have I encountered,' ſhe exclaimed. A groan was heard in anſwer and ſhe ſtarted up—it ſeemed, though diſtant, to come from an unfortunate—another followed, and then ſome words, which ſhe could not perfectly diſtinguiſh, though their import was of murder.—She heaved a ſhuddering ſigh, and the warm blood icicled in her veins. And now at the extremity of the hall, there beamed a glimmering light—ſhe looked—a man, whoſe eyes ſcowled cruelty and malice from beneath his buſhy eye-brows, bore it, and in the other hand he graſped a poniard.—Again ſhe looked and beheld, oh heaven! the wretch who had traced her through the foreſt, and cauſed her terrors—he ſpoke, ſhe eagerly liſtened, and faintly caught theſe words—'The ſtorm is over, and doſt thou ſtill tremble, Maurice? Art, thou ſtill afraid, daſtard?'—'But to ſtab him!' muttered the other,—and Ellen's brain throbbed. 'And why not—*he ſleeps.*' They pauſed, and gazed upon each other; the one who bore the lamp ſeemed to ſhudder, for it trembled in his hand. 'Sleeps?' murmured he. 'Aye, ſoundly too.'—'And in ſuch a night as this, Irwan. Oh God! oh God! when ſhall *I* ſleep?'—'Thou fool!'—Ellen heard no more; for they had croſſed the hall, and unbarring a ponderous door, they ſlowly aſcended ſome ſteps which, apparently, led to the upper apartments, and diſappeared. Again her thoughts were chaos.—'Stab him while he ſleeps!' ſhe cried, 'Oh God!' A ſudden thought gleamed upon her brain, and quick as her trembling legs would carry her, ſhe followed the murderers' track. Paſſing the heavy portal, ſhe liſtened, but heard them not—wildly ſhe ruſhed on; the winding ſteps flew beneath her; ſhe aſcended an immenſe height, in pitchy darkneſs, fearful every momentt, in her haſte, of daſhing down ſome broken chaſm. At length alight glimmered on the rugged ſtones, of which the tower (for ſuch appeared what ſhe was now encompaſſed by) was formed, and preſently ſhe beheld thoſe whom ſhe purſued. Slackening her pace, ſhe breathed awhile though ſtill keeping them in view. Seeming to have gained the height, they forced open an iron door, and entered. Regardleſs of her danger, (for the events of the night had followed in ſuch quick ſucceſſion, that they had nearly unthroned her reaſon) ſhe ſtill continued on, nor ſtop ſtill ſhe had alſo reached the entrance. Beyond appeared a diſmal priſon, and in the niche, ſome one ſtretched on ſtraw, in ſlumber—no doubt the murderers' victim. Not daring to advance further, ſhe ſaw but imperfectly, though underſtanding that their intentions was to murder while he ſlept, ſhe was ſurprized to hear Maurice, as his companion named him; awake the ſtranger. 'Are ye then come?' in feeble accents he exclaimed. She thought ſhe knew the ſounds, but remembrance told her not whoſe they were. 'And has the curſt, the cruel baron, then determined? what has his malice at length invented? Am I to be hurled from the caſement of this tower, daſh from rock to rock, until I reach my grave—the waves that waſh its baſe? or has he ſtill more lingering torments for me?'—'The baron is merciful, you may ſtill live,' cried Ellen's perſecutor

ſecutor, but on this condition—conſent to let the baron poſſeſs your wife, the beauteous——' and Ellen ſtarted, for *herſelf* was named.—Heaven's! was it poſſible? could it be her idolized Edmund they were going to murder? Where was ſhe? Who was the baron? And how came her huſband there? All paſſed over her thoughts, and ſhe vainly tried to recollect. 'Never,' cried Edmund, 'never will I conſent——ſooner would I cheriſh the envenomed adder in my boſom, than ſee her reſt on his!—ſooner would I ſuck the poiſon with my lips, than ſee him ſteal a honied kiſs from hers! Conſent!—No, no, ere my tongue utters ſuch a word, may lightnings bliſter it!'—'You have pronounced your doom,' exclaimed the ſavage.—'Yet,' ſaid Edmund, 'ſpare, oh! ſpare my boy, my ſon, my Henry?'—Ellen ſtopt no longer—Henry! that name was madneſs! Her ſon there too! She ran, and found herſelf in her ſtartled huſband's arms, who preſſed her fondly to him, while the big tears trickled from his eyes upon her boſom. 'Tear them aſunder,' cried Maurice. 'No, never,' ſhrieked Ellen. 'Here, here in my Edmund's heart have I lived, here will I grow, and when you pierce his breaſt, mine too ſhall bleed.' Irwan, what muſt be done? aſked Maurice. 'There is no time to conſider,' replied Irwan, 'our deeds muſt be inſtantaneous--this, this,' continued he, 'ſhall effect it.'—Ellen gazed, and ſaw her child in the fell monſter's gripe—her head whirled round, and madneſs raged within. The caſement was thrown open, and the waves, ſwelled by the late ſtorm, were heard, in hollow chilling ſounds, to daſh againſt the tower. Already had Irwan raiſed the boy, who crying, ſtretched his little arms for ſafety to his mother.--Already he appeared to caſt him from him, when regardleſs of every other tie, ſhe darted from her huſband's ſide, and ſnatched her Henry from his threatened death, and, ſinking with him to the ground, was raiſing her eyes towards her God, when they encountered Maurice, who at that moment plunged his dagger in her huſband's heart! Uttering a dreadful piercing ſhriek, ſhe—*awoke*—finding herſelf encircled in her beloved Edmund's arms, while her ſweet boy lay calmly ſlumbering by her. Her joy was unutterable—imprinting a kiſs upon his roſy cheek, and enfolding her huſband ſtill cloſer to her heart, ſhe breathed a ſilent, grateful prayer to Heaven, that 'twas but a—*dream*. P. G.

Matrimony.

The ſingle man commends the married life:
The married man, whom all theſe *dainties* cloy, (ſtroy,
Thinks that the *ſauce* the ſweetneſs doth de-
So, what the other thinks doth Heaven excel,
He that enjoys it, finds it but a hell.

Harleian Miſcellany, Vol. ii. p. 181. 1808.

MR. EDITOR,

I AM not ſurprized that your correſpondent *Clericus*, (*Sept.*) ſhould ſo zealouſly recommend *marriage*; few *parſons* have the leaſt averſion to *marrying*—their motto being '*the more the* MERRIER,' whether it be marrying or *burying!* Clergymen are a very facetious and good ſort of people—the poſſeſs many recommendatory qualities—from them we derive inſtruction and entertainment—we are benefited, in proportion to our mutual grace, by the admonitions of the pulpit—we are enlivened by the gaiety of their diſcourſe—they ride -they hunt--they ſing--they drink the cheerful glaſs with us—they act fully up to the apoſtolic maxim, and readily 'become all things to all men,' and, when occaſion offers, they alſo ingratiate themſelves with ladies, by exhorting the ſexes to unite in the '*ſilken bands of wedlock*,' and not to neglect the great injuncti-

on '*increase and multiply.*' But, mr. Editor, *marriage* is a very *solemn* ſtep, and ſhould not be taken without mature deliberation; at no period of our life it is more neceſſary to look before we LEAP.'

Women, much as we love them, are compoſed of various ſorts—*ſcolds goſſips, prudes, coquettes, wantons*, &c. &c. &c. *Iago* knew them well:—

'*They are pictures out of doors, bells in their parlours, wild-cats in their kitchens, ſaints in their injuries, devils being offended, players in their houſewifery, and houſewives in their beds.*'

Marriage has been very juſtly compared to a lottery—here and there a capital prize, and many thouſand blanks. He, therefore, who marries, is a deſperate adventurer—one very *uncertain* of augmenting his happineſs, but quite *ſure* of increaſing his cares. No doubt, 'poor young damſels are always ready,' (as *Clericus* tell us) '*at the riſk of various inconveniences, derived from their original anceſtreſs; to undertake the taſk of being mothers:*' but whilſt nurſes, doctors, ſchoolmaſters, pap, pills, rods, and all the etcetera of family expence are to be defrayed (in theſe hard times) by the father, I am apprehenſive that reading 'ingenious and *delightful* wedding ſermons,' ſuch as 'a wife MISTAKEN,'—'A WEDDING RING FIT FOR THE FINGER,' or 'THE BRIDAL BUSH,' will not prove ſufficiently cogent to prevent *prudent* bachelors LEAVING POPULATION TO OTHERS,' as far as it reſpects *matrimony*. Still Shakeſpear ſays, that, 'the *forehead* of a married man is more honourable than the *bare brow* of a bachelor.'—He ſays this in '*As you like it.*'—I do not.

Dr. Johnſon has told us, that *in marriage there are many inconveniences*, and I believe a hoſt of *Benedicks* might be brough to prove it; but he adds, that *a ſingle life has no comforts*, which, ſaving your reverences preſence, is a *thumper*, for I am and as I mean not to change my, '*curtain'd ſleep,*' for *curtain lectures*, hope long to continue a very *comfortable*.

SINGLE GENTLEMAN.

Solution of the Myſtery, 'Who was the man who Beheaded Charles I.?'

GEORGE II. on his return to London, after the battle of Dettingen, could with difficulty bear the ſight of lord Stair. He could not forgive his lordſhip's reproaching him for the danger which threatened the Engliſh army in caſe the king had obſtinately perſiſted in leaving it in the camp which it occupied, and where it would have been completely defeated, if the duke de Grammont by his raſhneſs had not ſaved it. Lord Stair, as proud as he was ſkilful in war, having ſoon perceived the king's diſlike, and being little diſpoſed to bear the ſhame of a formal diſgrace, was on the point of retiring to his eſtate in Scotland, when he received the following letter:—

'MY LORD,

'Your bravery is well known; but will you have the courage to go, to-morrow night, to the entrance of Somerſet-houſe, where you will meet one who (if you dare follow him) will conduct you to a part of the town not much frequented, but where you will find one who is impatient to ſee you, and to diſcover ſecrets which are of more importance than you imagine, and which cannot be diſcloſed in a letter. If you are afraid this ſhould be a plot on your purſe, bring nothing valuable about you.'

We may conceive his lordſhip's ſurpriſe at the reading of this note.—At firſt he took it for a trick of ſome ſecret enemy; or ſome affair of gallantry, the heroine of which had probably her reaſons for ſo acting: however, he determined to go. He therefore, after providing himſelf with

with a ſword and a brace of good piſtols, went to Somerſet-houſe, and found there a man, who, without ſpeaking made him a ſign to follow him: after walking for about an hour, they came into a ſtreet almoſt empty, where the conductor knocked at the door of a ſmall old houſe: when it was opened, he ſaid, walk in my lord, and the door was ſhut upon them. The intrepid nobleman, holding his ſword in one hand and a piſtol in the other, went up the ſtaircaſe and entered a room; the furniture of which ſeemed very ancient. 'Come in, my lord, (ſaid a faint voice iſſuing from a bed) come in, you have nothing to fear; pray ſit down in a chair near my bed, and we will converſe together.' 'Very well,' ſaid lord Stair; 'but make haſte and tell me the reaſon of this odd adventure.' 'You are haſty my lord, but have patience: lay down your arms; take that ſeat, and come and look at me.' His lordſhip, ſurpriſed at ſuch authoritative commands, to which he was little accuſtomed, got up, took the lamp, went to the bed, and remained ſtupified at the ſight of an old man, pale and thin, with a long white beard, and whoſe eyes were inſtantly fixed upon him. 'Look at me, my lord,' ſaid he, 'I am ſtill alive, I owe to you the only true pleaſure I have taſted theſe many, many years. Age and misfortunes, have they entirely effaced the marks of one who is nearly related to you, and who is delighted to find in you features which are moſt dear to him?' His lordſhip, ſtill more aſtoniſhed, looked at the old man, and unable to account for the different emotions which agitated him, ſpoke not a word. 'Stoop,' ſaid the old man, 'and you will find under my bed a box which contains papers capable of amply repairing the loſſes which your family has ſuffered by the civil wars.' His lordſhip having placed the box upon the bed, ſat down again upon the chair. 'Here, my lord,' ſaid the old man, 'here are copies of the ſales of three of the principal ſeats belonging to your anceſtors, which your great grand-father ſold, or rather pretended to ſell, during the troubles. Here are alſo letters of the pretended buyers, by which you may immediately recover the eſtates on your arrival in Scotland. Precautions have been taken to prevent any diſputes.' What was his lordſhips aſtoniſhment when he ſaw theſe three contracts of eſtates, which he knew formerly belonged to his houſe: 'Ah!' cried he with tranſport, 'Ah! who are you, venerable and benevolent old man, to whom I owe more than to my own father? ſpeak, I beg of you! favour me with the name of ſo generous a benefactor in whom I am ſo ſingularly intereſted, and whoſe days heaven ſeems to have prolonged, that he may find in me the moſt tender and reſpectable of friends, and the moſt grateful of men!' 'Leave me, my dear lord,' ſaid the old man, in haſte. 'I am too weak to bear a longer converſation, leave me, I beg; take that box, and bid adieu to an old man, who thinks himſelf leſs unfortunate ſince he has had the happineſs of holding you in his arms.' 'Ah! whoever you are,' ſaid lord Stair, 'and whatever reaſons you may have to conceal the name of ſo generous a man, can you have the cruelty to oblige him to obey you? To abandon you in ſuch a ſituation, without friends, without help, without ——.' 'Stop, my dear lord! it is with pleaſure I ſee in you ſuch generous ſentiments; but I know that your friend, (ſince you think him worthy of that title) however unfortunate he may be in other reſpects, is ſtill free from want: therefore, if you wiſh to oblige me, leave me, my lord, inſtantly; nay, do more, and believe me I have a right to demand it: ſwear to me that you will never come here again,

nor

nor ever ſearch after me, unleſs I ſend for you.' His lordſhip ſeeing by his tone of voice that he would not be refuſed, promiſed to obey him; once more embraced him, and then left him with tears in his eyes. On his return home he immediately opened the box, and found a great number of papers which he judged would be of great uſe to him. Next morning, as he was preparing (notwithſtanding his promiſe) to return to the old man, he was ſuddenly ſtopped by the following letter, ſealed with his own arms, and to his extreme ſurpriſe, ſigned George Stair.

'Do not return to me, my dear lord, for you will not find me. If it had been only to tell you who I am, that is, your great grandfather, who has ſo long been ſuppoſed dead, and who juſtly deſerved to be ſo, I ſhould not have oppoſed your juſt deſire of knowing your benefactor; but the conſequences which I foreſaw of ſo intereſting a ſcene, too much ſo for my weak age to bear, made me dread to ſatisfy your curioſity upon circumſtances, which far from offering to you ſo dear and reſpectable a relation as you imagined, would only have ſhewn to you a wretch—a monſter leſs worthy of pity than horror!

'My father died a few months after my birth; my mother ſoon followed him; I was left to the care of an aunt, ſiſter to my father, who brought me up ſo tenderly that (though ſhe was the cauſe of my crime) I ſtill retain the moſt grateful remembrance of her in my heart. I was ſcarce ſeventeen, when, ſtruck with indignation at ſeeing my countrymen armed againſt their lawful ſovereign, I formed the deſign of tendering to king Charles I. the offer of my fortune and ſword: but what was my aſtoniſhment when at diſcloſing my intention to my good aunt, I ſaw her trembling, liſt her hands to heaven, and look at me with a kind of horror. Surpriſed and afflicted at the ſtate ſhe was in, and turning with impatience to know the reaſon,—'You force me then to tell you,' cried ſhe, burſting into tears; 'know then that the prince you are ſo deſirous of ſerving, is the author of my ſhame and of your father's death. I was about fifteen, and among the attendants who waited on his mother, when the wretch, impoſing on my age and credulity, by the moſt ſacred oaths, contrived to ſeduce me—in ſhort I was ruined. The perfidious prince, ſoon after went to Spain, in hopes of marrying the Infanta. I ſhould have been entirely loſt if your father had not come to London: to him I was obliged to own my misfortune and the conſequences which I dreaded. That dear brother, afflicted even to tears, ran immediately to the queen, obtained permiſſion to take me away, and ſent me to one of his ſeats near Edinburgh, where I remained till I was perfectly recovered. Alas! (added ſhe) I was doomed to ſee him no more. The grief which he conceived for my undoing, ſoon killed him; and his worthy wife, who after bringing you into the world, ſurvived only a month. Such, my dear nephew, were the ſecrets and deplorable motives which reduced me to that obſcurity in which I have ſince lived, and of which you are alone acquainted. Judge now, my friend, if after the care I have taken of your infancy, and the education I have procured you, ſay, can you devote your fortune and arms to the author of ſo many calamities, to a barbarian who has carried death into the breaſts of your parents, and into mine eternal remorſe!' 'No!' cried I, 'by God! no! the wretch is unworthy of life, and he ſhall die by my hand!' To tell you, my lord, by what means, as refined as dangerous, my fury againſt the king continually increaſing, I was at laſt able to fulfil my revenge and execrable oath;

oath; to tell you all the events, and excefs of remorfe which foon followed my crime, would be now too grievous in my weak ftate to relate. Be fatisfied with knowing, that you may abhor me as much as I deteft myfelf;—*that the executioner of king Charles I. who appeared under a maſk, was in fact no other than your unworthy, too guilty great grandfather Sir George Stair.*'

From 1649 (when Charles I. was beheaded) to 1743 (when the battle Dettingen was fought) there is an interval of 94 years. On fuppofition that fir George Stair was 20 years old when he committed this crime, his age in 1748 muft have been 114 years.

The anonymous author of thefe memoirs adds; that whatever were the emotions of lord Stair at reading the letter, his firft care was to look for the ftreet and the houfe where he had feen his great grand-father; but finding the houfe empty, he had learnt from the neighbours that it had only been occupied fince eight days; that it was never known by whom; that fince the preceding night the fervants had abandoned it, furnifhed as it was; that they could not tell of whom the tenant held the houfe: the proprietor being long fince fettled in America.

Extraordinary Criminal Profecution.

THE circumftance attending a criminal profecution in one of the largeft cities of Italy, are of fo fingular a nature as to excite at once the pity, contempt, and rifibility of the reader.

On the 21ft of June, 1774, two dogs, in the city alluded to above, were publicly executed, after being duly tried and convicted of having wilfully, maliciouſly, and at the inftigation of the devil, devoured a child a fhort time before. They were tried according to all the forms, of law by fuperiour tribunal, and fentenced to die by the hand of the executioner, and then to be quartered. The judges, unwilling to burden their confciences with the effufion of innocent blood, thought fit to fubmit the cafe to one of the moft eminent lawyers of the city. His decifion was as follows:—

'Being requefted to give my opinion refpecting the fentence which the magiftrates of this city have in their wifdom pronounced on two bull-dogs, I hereby declare, that fuch fentence is perfectly conſiſtent with juſtice and found reafon, fince it agrees with the ancient laws of Mofes and Solon, and is confirmed and ſtrengthened by the opinions of the oldeft and moft enlightened philofophers, no lefs than by the fentence pronounced at different times by many European tribunals.

'It coincides with the laws of Moſes, in as much as by thefe the ox who had killed a man was condemned to die. 'If an ox gore a man or a woman that the die, then the ox ſhall be ſurely ſtoned, and his fleſh ſhall not be eaten.' *Exod.* xxi. 28. Again, in *Genes.* ix. 5. 'Surely your blood of your lives will I require; at the hand of every beaſt will I require it.'

'The judges of Athens, conformably to one of Draco's laws, fentenced the pillar erected in honour of Nicon, a celebrated artiſt of that city, to be thrown into the ſea, becauſe it had fallen upon a man and killed him. The divine Plato directs in his code that a horſe or other animal which has killed a man to be put to death, and Pliny, lib. viii. c. 18. informs us, that in purſuance of ſimilar law he had ſeen a great number of lions hanged in Africa. That great and experienced lawyer, Anthony Mandries, aſſures us, that ſeveral peaſants' dogs were ſentenced to die, becauſe they had devoured a Franciſcan friar; and he adds, that he had been himſelf conſulted on the caſe. Muller even relates

relates that the Saxons punished a horse which had been instrumental in carrying off a woman, not to mention many other similar sentences and adducing the authorities of great men, which would lead me into too great lengths. What I have already advanced is more than sufficient to prove that the magistrates of the city of —— have most justly condemned the two dogs to an ignominious death by the hand of the executioner, since, without the slightest motive, or the smallest provocation, they devoured a poor helpless infant, that the memory of so black a deed may be perpetuated among men.'

Weighty as these reasons may be, still we are of opinion that the lives of these four-footed culprits would have been spared, had they been allowed to employ council in their defence. Their advocate would undoubtly have grounded his arguments on Seneca and Aristotle, the latter of whom expressly says, that no animal can either be virtuous or vicious. Had all his arguments failed, he would at least have demanded time for the examination of witnesses, and have proved by them that there was no malice *prepense*, and that his clients were not the assailants. In this case the culprits would perhaps have come off with five year's service on board of the gallies; or by means of an appeal to the sovereign he might perhaps have obtained a commutation of the sentence into confinement for a certain time on bread and water.

But a severe doom awaited them. All the spectators at their execution took warning by them, and lamented their fate. Their unfortunate end called forth the genius of an Italian poet, by whom it was recorded for the benefit of posterity. Here follows a translation of some of the concluding stanzas of his performance:—

'You may perhaps suppose that these four-footed sinners went to meet death with deep penitence and contrition. Ah! no; on their brows scowled proud defiance, and unshaken courage was their conductor; with tails erect, and looks wild and bold, they approached. So far from manifesting repentance for their crime, they seemed rather to long for the relics of their bloody feast; a fresh proof of the truth of the proverb—that chains and prisons do not produce amendment. And yet at the sight of the culprits all hearts were moved, every eye was fixed upon them, and in each glistened a tear; the executioner alone was convulsed with laughter. The cruel minister of vengeance at length brandished the club to give the fatal blow: with force it fell upon the skull of the unhappy dogs, and extended them half dead upon the ground. The welkin rings with their howls, all the dogs of the city yell responsive, and the fiery Sirius himself barks in the expanse of heaven! But their indignant shades already tread the downward path of hell, on their way to that abode which the pious canon has assigned to animals.* The triple-headed Cerberus, who guards the entrance, espies them; he growls at the approach of dogs who have died ignominiously upon the scaffold; his tremendous barking scares their affrighted manes far away from the shores of Styx.

'They wander about in the thickets which border the infernal stream, and there await the arrival of their judges and executioner in order to cross it with them.'

Count Baldwin of Flander. A Tale.

CHARLES, count of Flanders, had rendered important services to the pope, and still greater to Philip

NOTE.

The canon Cadonici, a Venetian, who asserts that animals have an immortal soul, and that after death they go to hell, where they help to torment the damned.

Augustus,

Auguſtus, king of France. At his death he nominated that monarch to be the guardian of his only ſon, Baldwin. Riches, honour, and power may be inherited, but merit muſt be acquired, and talents muſt be innate. Baldwin, notwithſtanding the bravery of his father, notwithſtanding the care with which his royal guardian cauſed him to be educated, did very little honour to his deceaſed parent, and gave very little ſatisfaction to the French monarch; for he had more pride than one recently ennobled, more vanity than a girl, and more impudence than a modern critic. He was not deficient in underſtanding; but he made a fool of himſelf by his vain-glory. He was certainly diſtinguiſhed for his valour, but thoſe who allowed him this quality, ſo far from praiſing him, only lamented that they were obliged to reſpect ſomething in ſo intolerable a man.

Philip Auguſtus was perfectly aware of all this, but he had given his father his word that he would make him his ſon-in-law. This promiſe was irrevocable, and he perhaps thought, that a wife may amend him whom nothing elſe can. In a word, he offered Baldwin the hand of his youngeſt daughter, Beatrix. Beatrix was young, beautiful, accompliſhed, and the daughter of a powerful monarch, but ſhe had not a kingdom for her dowry. Baldwin regarding only what ſhe had not, and not what ſhe poſſeſſed, refuſed her hand. The court of Paris highly reſented this conduct; the count laughed at the court of Paris, and repaired to his own dominions.

One day when he was hunting in one of his foreſts, he met a lady of great beauty, of a majeſtic figure, and richly dreſſed. Her hair was adorned with pearls; precious ſtones of ineſtimable value encircled her arms, and her neck. With graceful geſture, and moving tone, ſhe ſupplicated his aſſiſtance: ſhe called him the crown of chivalry, denominated herſelf the moſt unfortunate of princeſſes and proteſted that ſhe had come far, very far from beyond the ſeas, merely for the purpoſe of ſoliciting his aid. Baldwin ſtood ſtill; the beauty of this ſtranger delighted his eye, her addreſs flattered his vanity, and the word princeſs ſtill more powerfully excited his curioſity. He therefore enquired more particularly who ſhe was, whence ſhe came, and what was her errand.

'I am the daughter and ſole heireſs!' replied ſhe, 'of one of the moſt powerful monarchs of Aſia.—My father long treated me as the moſt affectionate of parents, but, at length, he wanted to force me to marry. For a conſiderable time I reſiſted his commands, but when reſiſtance was no longer of any avail I fled, taking with me immence riches; and providing myſelf with a numerous retinue, I embarked for Europe.—Not far from the coaſt of Flanders we were overtaken by a tremendous ſtorm; our ſhip foundered; out of the whole crew I alone reached the ſhore upon a plank, and took refuge in this wood. An honeſt peaſant received me into his cottage, ſupplied me with food, dried my garments, and was going to accompany me to your court, when we heard of your intention of hunting in this foreſt.'

This brief narrative contained many improbabilities. The heireſs of the powerful Aſiatic monarch had forgotten to mention the name of his kingdom. It was ſingular that not a creature but herſelf out of the numerous crew of the veſſel had eſcaped. It was ſingular that juſt at the time of this tempeſt ſhe ſhould have put on her moſt ſumptuous apparel; it was ſtill more extraordinary that the latter ſhould not have ſuſtained any injury from the accident; but the moſt extraordinary circumſtance of all was, that a native of ſuch a remote region of Aſia ſhould ſpeak the

Flemiſh

Flemiſh language with ſuch fluency and purity.

But ſome people ſometimes conſider certain things true merely on account of their improbability, for they think that in caſe they were fictions, the narrator would have taken care to give them more plauſibility; and none are ſo ready as the proud to believe a tale, becauſe they ſuppoſe it impoſſible that any one would attempt to impoſe upon them, eſpecially in ſo clumſy a manner. No ſooner, therefore, did Baldwin hear this ſtory about a king's daughter and the heireſs of a great kingdom, than he was inflamed with the deſire of poſſeſſing it. The beauteous eyes of the ſtranger, her majeſtic figure, the grace and eaſe of her manner, appeared at once doubly captivating. He already beheld in imagination millions of proſtrate ſubjects; regions embracing half a hemiſphere; precious ſtones in profuſion inexpreſſible, thouſands of elephants, and ſoldiers innumerable as the ſand of the ſea. All theſe he beheld depending on the hand of the beauteous Eldore, and that hand his own whenever he pleaſed. He therefore invited the fugitive princeſs with great cordiality to accompany him to his reſidence; and by the way he began to preſs his ſuit with the greateſt ardour.

Eldore had now no occaſion to regret vehemently the life ſhe had led at her father's court, however magnificent ſhe had deſcribed it; here ſhe again found ſubjects, royal ſtate, and abundance. Baldwin was the moſt attentive of lovers; her look was equivalent to a command, and a word from her more impreſſive than a devine law. Often did ſhe repay theſe attentions with ſuch tender glances, with ſuch flattering acknowledgments, as at length left Baldwin no room to doubt that he had gained her heart. He therefore aſſembled his barons and vaſſals, communicated to them, what to be ſure they had long known, that he had at his court a great princeſs, who was, indeed, an Aſiatic, and conſequently an idolateſs; but who, he added, combined ſuch an amiable diſpoſition with the certain expectation of future greatneſs, that he was determined to overlook her idolatry and to ſolicit her hand.

The barons ſomewhat ſurpriſed at the concluding words of his addreſs, would have made objections to the reſolution, but before they had time to recover themſelves, Baldwin roſe from his ſeat. Love would not permit him to remain any longer, he flew to his beauteous Eldore, and made her a tender of his hand and his heart.

'Your hand I ſee, and the ſincerity of your heart I have no occaſion to doubt,' replied ſhe with a look of dignity;—'but, Baldwin, where is the kingdom that authorizes you to ſolicit an alliance with the daughter of a king?'

The confounded prince ſtood for ſome time ſpeechleſs. It might be ſuppoſed that ſuch an anſwer would have offended him, and yet it ſerved only to inflame his deſire ſtill more ſtrongly. In his eyes Eldore's charms encreaſed with her hautineſs; he was ſo tender, ſo preſſing, ſo perſevering, that, at length, he carried his point. He was admitted to the bed of Eldore; and ſhe ſhared his grandeur.

The happineſs of a huſband is a ſail, filled according as the wind of the wife's caprice happens to blow. —Love is moſt aſſuredly the moſt precious boon beſtowed on man; but love in the conjugal union untinctured with intereſt is extremely rare. It is only at a high price that a wife in general ſells her huſband the pleaſures of matrimony. Obſtinacy, jealouſy, inſatiable pretenſions, compel repayment with uſury; and both the prince and the private individual are in general doomed alike to repent their choice.

Baldwin ſoon had abundant reaſon for this kind of repentance, for never

never was husband more completely subject to a wife. It was not indeed with that arbitrary tone, with that shameless and ever-varying caprice, or with that irretating obstinacy, that Eldore ruled. She knew but too well that such conduct would finally be punished with hatred and contempt, and her art therefore consisted in gentle intreaties, imperceptible and yet resolute, opposition, apparent timidity, flattering caresses, and those dangerous weapons--tears. All the powers of wit, all the charms of conversation, and all the glow of fancy were hers. By degrees she rivetted her chains too firmly to be shaken off, before the affectionate Baldwin conceived the slightest suspicion of any intention of the kind.

It is extraordinary, thought he often, when he had again sacrificed his will to her wishes, it is extraordinary that an Asiatic should so exactly resemble our European women in her dispositions, and in her desire of subjecting every thing, and especially her husband to her sway! And I, who once knew not what compliance meant--I, who have been accustomed to see every word pass for a command, am now subservient to all the caprices of a woman!—Who can forbear being astonished; and who has more reason to be surprised at it than myself!

A year had already elapsed since their union, and Eldore presented her husband with a lovely boy. A courier had been dispatched to Asia, but he did not come back. A second was sent off, and his return was looked for in vain, The hoped for kingdom was continually uppermost in the thoughts of the count. He measured, he embellished, he peopled and enlarged it; he gave it new laws; he enriched it with arts and sciences; he persuaded his mighty father-in-law to admit him to participation in the throne; and even prevailed on him to resign the fatigues of business, to pass his declining years in retirement, and to be satisfied with witnessing the activity and the achievements of his son. Nothing was so sweet and so flattering to Baldwin as this prospect and these reveries. But the most pleasing reverie in the end tires, and the long unaccomplished dreams of his imagination were at length productive of impatience.

Eldore soon remarked this disposition of his mind. 'Are you not happy then?'—she would frequently ask him. 'Not content with the possession of a wife who adores you? For your sake I forget a kingdom which I was born to inherit; and cannot you banish from your thoughts one which you merely hope to obtain?—Do not I—does not the pledge of our love deserve all your tenderness? Why should you suffer the dreams of ambition incessantly to disturb your repose? What empire can be fairer than the possession of a heart? What subjects can be compared with those whom love and nature procure us?'

The countess seemed to be perfectly in the right. Baldwin, as often as he received this reproof, fell upon his knees and implored her forgiveness, but yet his eyes were always turned towards Asia; his impatience of the delay became daily more manifest; in vain he strove to repress it; his heart was every moment on his lips.

'But,' he at length exclaimed, 'where the d—l is this kingdom? If it is so very large it cannot be at such an excessive distance. Its prodigious extent would in that case bring it nearer to our part of the world. At any rate the capital cannot be at its remotest corner. Have you made no mistake in your directions relative to the way thither.

'None,' replied she smiling; 'but it is far very far to it. So many mountains and rivers and seas intervene, that our couriers will often

find themſelves at a loſs during the journey.'

'That I can believe; but people that have a tongue can aſk the way, and ſo get forward. Zounds! I think that with my tongue I could find the way to the world's end.

'And nothing ſhort of that our couriers have to go. Aſia is a very far diſtant; at the extremity of Aſia lies my father's kingdom; nay, if I am not miſtaken, there is another kingdom between.'

'And if there were thirty between; —ways muſt exiſt every where; there muſt be people coming and going, who would liſten to and direct one.'

'O no, my dear. I recollect that for a very long time I did not meet with a living creature; I even remember that after travelling acroſs a deſart for at leaſt two months together I came to a kind of funnel, which it was extremely difficult to creep through, and which brought me at laſt to the ſhore of a prodigious ſea.'

'What! the way to your country leads through a funnel! A pretty ſtory truly you attempt to palm upon me!

'Nothing can be more true. I always heard that my hereditary dominions were very little known and frequented, and perhaps that may be owing to this ſame funnel.'

Baldwin's impatience increaſed with every word, and Eldore continued to laugh. 'What!' cried he, 'do you laugh at me? Can you entertain the fooliſh deſign of turning me into ridicule? I cannot, and will not believe ſo.

'If you did you would be egregiouſly miſtaken. I only ſmile, continued ſhe, giving him a look of the utmoſt tenderneſs, 'becauſe I ſee that you have ſet your heart upon ſuch a trifle. I with with all my ſoul that our couriers may ſoon return, that my father would reſign his throne to you, and that in the mean time he may have ſubjected ten other kingdoms to his crown. Still you would be my only joy.—Come kiſs your boy! Beg my pardon, and behave better in future.'

Baldwin was going to reply, when a hermit was announced, who came but very ſeldom to viſit the court, though he always met with a welcome reception. Eldore, as ſoon as his name was mentioned, took up her lap-dog on one arm and her child in the other, and withdrew.

The hermit was now admitted. He had one of thoſe uncommon countenances which denote the ſoul of a ſaint, combined with the underſtanding of a philoſopher. Grave, and yet animated in company, he could mingle without lowering himſelf, among the throng of the courtiers. He was ſure to obtain reſpect when he aſſumed an air of familiarity, and he was ſtill more ſure to command it when he ſpoke in a ſerious manner. For virtue dwelt in his diſcourſes, perſuaſion hung upon his lips; but he ſeldom made uſe of the emphatic tone, but a cheerful ſmile almoſt always played upon his countenance.

The count advanced a few ſteps to meet him, and teſtified his joy at his long deferred viſit. The old man bowed and ſaid:—'Your kindneſs, my lord, makes a deep impreſſion upon me. I am come to offer you ſome fruit out of my garden, and a fruit of a much more uncommon ſpecies,—truth and good advice. A report concerning you, which long appeared to me incredible, has penetrated to my lonely retreat. You have been married, I am told, above a year, and to an Aſiatic princeſs, the heireſs to an extenſive kingdom.

'Yes, venerable father; the proſpect of a throne has awakened my ambition. The idolatry of my wife, to be ſure, now and then embitters my domeſtic happineſs a little, but that

that I thought I might at first overlook.'

'It is with pleasure that I too, at times, make some allowance for human foibles; but I cannot help finding some fault with you. I am told that the existence of this kingdom is by no means certain. You have, therefore, married Eldore, upon her bare word, and without inquiring where the dominions of her father were situated. You have sent to make these enquiries, but your messengers do not return. It is now to be sure rather too late for an enquiry of this kind; for if we entertain the idea of making a considerable sacrifice for the possession of an object, we ought at least to have ascertained the existence of that object.'

'I perfectly agree in your opinion,' replied the count, 'but permit me to answer, that there are certain illusions which cannot be imagined, certain tales which cannot be invented.'

'No, prince, no; to sovereigns who, like you, presume that respect alone will restrain the impostor, every thing is represented in a false light. I am convinced that there is not a servant whom you feed at your court, from the most cunning to the most stupid, who would not have the courage to impose some absurdity upon you; and for this reason the court of a great prince, when he relies with too much security upon his greatness, may be converted into a rendezvous of contemptible jugglers and mountebanks. But to return from this discretion to Eldore.—You have already allowed my zeal for your welfare many a liberty, it is therefore my duty, as I have already observed, to bring to your ears the tribute of truth and of bold advice. Petty hints dropped by accident, I leave for the little minds of courtiers. It is but fair that insects of this kind should be of some use, and perform some service to the prince in return for his money; but to suppose that among this crowd there is a man possessing sufficient courage and magnanimity to risk even his life for you, would be the height of folly. Hearken to me, therefore, hearken prince, when I tell you, that you are slumbering in indiscreet repose on the abrupt brink of a bottomless abyss! Hearken to me when I announce, that he whose throne is exalted above the thrones of all the monarchs of this earth, has sent me to require you to invite me for once to your table in the presence of your wife; for it is only before her that I can disclose the complete object of my mission.

Never had any one yet ventured to speak to Baldwin in this tone, neither was he pleased with the request of the hermit; for he was most tenderly attached to his wife; he foresaw that this repast would not be one of the most agreeable, and was afraid of afflicting her. At the same time there was something in the countenance and manner of the hermit that commanded respect. An inexpressible agitation overpowered Baldwin's soul: he imagined that he saw and heard the voice of the deity himself, and felt himself constrained to obey. He likewise promised to comply with the injunction of the hermit not to mention a word of what had passed to Eldore.

Dinner was soon afterwards served up. Eldore had already seated herself; around her stood a number of courtiers. The count took his place, and last of all, as it had been agreed, the hermit entered the dinner hall. Eldore cast her eyes upon him; and instantly her face was horribly distorted. She pushed back her chair, and was going to rise.

'Stop, reprobate spirit,' cried the hermit aloud:—'stop, and await thy merited punishment! Down with the mask, pretended princess of Asia! look at me, and tremble before the messenger of God! Thou

wilt arrive timely enough in thine infernal abode.'

What a ſpectacle, terrific beyond deſcription, now preſented itſelf! It was manifeſt that it was no other than the devil himſelf, who had impoſed upon Baldwin, and whom he had married. Flames iſſued from Eldore's noſe, mouth, and eyes; her breath reſembled fiery clouds; a horrible abyſs opened under her feet. All the courtiers betook themſelves to flight from ſo dangerous a neighbourhood, and Baldwin was one of the foremoſt; but the hermit beckoned, and all of them, againſt their will, ſtood as if rooted to the ſpot. He then unlooſed the cord which ſerved him for a girdle, and ſcourged the infernal ſpirit with ſuch ſeverity, that he writhed ſo piteouſly, and howled ſo terribly, as at laſt to make the ſpectators almoſt feel compaſſion for the devil himſelf. He was obliged to confeſs, in the hearing of all, that he was the demon of pride, and was then commanded to be gone to his abyſs. He did not wait for this injunction to be repeated; he vaniſhed, and with him the ſuppoſed infernal prince.

The count, and the throng of courtiers, now recovered the power of motion. The latter were again going to retire, probably to take hartſhorn after ſuch a terrible fright, when the hermit again commanded them to remain and, turning to Baldwin, he thus addreſſed him:—

'My miſſion is yet but half accompliſhed. Know, that God would not abandon thee a prey to the tempter who ſo often would fain have carried thee away to his kingdom, after which thou ſo eagerly aſpiredſt: but the ambition muſt at leaſt be puniſhed. Thou rejectedeſt the hand of a king's daughter; kings have their avengers in Heaven; liſten therefore to the decree of Heaven! For the ſpace of forty days ſhall the proud Baldwin daily perform public penance, ſhall he on, leaving the church at its principal entrance, and in the preſence of the people, preſent his bare back to the meaneſt of his ſcullions, and each time receive five and twenty ſtripes. When theſe forty days of penance are over, when theſe thouſand ſtripes are duly inflicted, let him repair to Rome, and obtain pardon of the pope. But if he fails to comply with one of theſe injunctions, if but one of theſe ſtripes is given to the haughty count and not to the penitent ſinner, his fair conſort will prepare a treat for him in her kingdom.'

The holy man then retired without waiting for an anſwer. His commands were certainly a new thunder-bolt for the proud count; but the terrific threat annexed to them would have extorted even ſtill more painful ſacrifices. The very next day he continued a full hour upon his knees before the altar; the very next day the ſcullion ſcourged his maſter with all his might. The crowd of courtiers laughed in their hearts; but nevertheleſs they could not forbear flattering their lord—for what ſubject is there on which flattery is not employed?—on his heroic fortitude, and the manly beauty of his uncovered body.

Forty days were now paſt; forty hours he had knelt; and a thouſand ſtripes (often did the count wonder at the rapidity with which the hermit calculated their number) had been inflicted. From Paris, and from beyond the ſea, people had aſſembled to behold ſuch an extraordinary ſpectacle; and ten academies were already engaged in diſcuſſing the queſtion:—Whether it was beelzebub or lucifer that had diſguiſed himſelf in the form of Eldore? The count paid no regard to this diſpute; happy that he had endured his puniſhment, he flew to Rome, and at the feet of the pope, implored pardon for his ſins.

A hundred times did the holy father croſs himſelf; a hundred times did he beg the whole ſtory to be related over again, and after all he could not give credit to it. At length a jolly old prieſt, weary of theſe everlaſting repetitions, whiſpered theſe words:—'Has your holineſs been ſeated ſo ſhort a time in the chair of St. Peter? Is the circumſtance ſo wholly unprecedented? How many huſbands have we already heard complaining of exceedingly bad wives? If the hermit were to viſit them, would he not there too find devils to drive out?'

'Indeed you are right, replied the pope. 'Many a one would I dare ſay endure ten thouſand ſtripes to be quit of what this fool has at ſo cheap a rate got rid of.'—On this he gave him his benediction, accompanied with the command to go to Paleſtine to fight for the cauſe of God, after he had ſo long maintained a connection with his mortal enemy.

Advice to Members of a Certain Houſe.

AS your winter campaign is now approaching, and as the *good of our country* is at all times the order of the day, can I do better than offer a few hints to the aſpiring patriot, who, convinced that nothing but an adminiſtration formed by himſelf and friends can ſave his bleeding country, and that all honour and honeſty, are confined to them alone, ſteps boldly forward, reſolved, through thick and thin, to ſtrain every nerve to haſten the coming of his bleſſed millennium.

We will ſuppoſe that the long-wiſhed-for, long expected moment is at length arrived, and that a diſſolution has at length taken place,—now then! is the time to exert your energies.

Let the time-ſerving ſtateſman come in for a ſnug borough, you diſdain ſuch paltry ambition; no! like Phæton, *you* muſt ſet the world on fire. In your zeal for the repoſe of the country, and the purity of election, what ſo efficacious as a warm canvas, and a protracted poll?—This *you* muſt call taking the ſenſe of the county, though, God knows, if they had any ſenſe left, *you* would ſtand but an indifferent chance.

You muſt take it for granted, that your opponents are knaves, contractors, millers, and tories; you, and *you alone*, are the true and ſtaunch *whigs and patriots*. Recollect that you muſt keep faſt hold of the *name*, for though both your principles and practice are in direct oppoſition to every item of *original* Whiggiſm, yet if you ſtand boldly out, the majority of your conſtituents will be more eaſily caught by the name than by the thing itſelf.

In your zeal for the *freedom of election*, take care to have it all on your own ſide—if the friends of your opponent can neither get *to* nor *from* the huſtings, without being inſulted—why, it is nothing more than an exuberance of patriotiſm, and *they* who would oppoſe it, muſt be tyrants indeed.

Whatever money is ſpent by your opponent, recollect *that* is to bribe the *honeſt* electors out of their liberty; but whatever is ſpent by *yourſelf*, is in the ſacred cauſe of freedom.

Whilſt you talk of your patriotiſm, be careful to talk alſo of your poverty, thoſe who have nothing will like you the better as reſembling themſelves, and thoſe who have a little may be induced *to come down*; at all events, there is ſomething patriotic in coming cheap into the houſe, as of courſe you will coſt leſs when occaſion ſerves.

If there is any thing in the character and conduct of your opponent, or of his thirteenth couſin, which may be made a ſubject of animadverſion, or of ridicule, you may conſider it as your own;—let it be the burden of

your daily ditty on the huſtings—if you cannot hurt his cauſe, yet ſtill you may hurt his feelings. Be careful alſo to aſk a number of queſtions, the leſs they are founded in truth, the more difficult it will be for him to *anſwer* them; as to a mere denial, *that* goes for nothing with an enlightened mob.

In addreſſing your motley audience, who are ſuch great philoſophers as to deſpiſe all titles, be careful notwithſtanding to call them 'gentlemen.' —This word is alſo extremely uſeful in your canvaſs.—Not *many* years ago, an alderman of the city of London, being candidate for a borough, not one hundred miles eaſt from London bridge attended in the evening at the patriotic porter ſhop, amongſt his friends and conſtituents. A huge lump of a fellow, in a blue frock and apron, having ſucceeded in edging him into a corner, ſeated himſelf directly oppoſite, and having *ſmoked him* for ſome time, at length addreſſed him: Whoy, meaſter candidate, you does not ſeem to know I.'—'Indeed, ſir,' ſaid the candidate, 'I do not recollect having the honour of ſeeing you before.' 'Why mun,' rejoined the jolly elector, 'doeſt not remember in paſſing through the town, you ſaw a gemman killing a hog, and you aſked un for his vote? Whoy that Gemman was I, and I'll kill a hog with e're a gemman in the county.' It is unneceſſary to add, that the alderman immediately recogniſed his accomplithed conſtituent.

If you hope for ſucceſs, you muſt not be ſparing of your promiſes, the more impracticable they are, it is all the better, as then you will have a good excuſe for not performing them; —yet ſtill you muſt *redeem your pledges*, that is, you muſt make a long ſpeech, once or twice in the ſeſſion, propoſing ſome great and good changes, but cloſe with ſaying, that as you are ſorry to ſee that a wicked and corrupt majority are againſt you, you will not divide the houſe.

If your opponent happens to be a brewer, you have a wide field for your wit; you may ſay that he has enjoyed the *ſweets* of the trade ſo long, that the public would be happy to have a little more of the *real bitters*. —You may talk of the poor being robbed, by the adulteration of their beverage—then deſcant on the tyranny of the brewers holding public houſes, and tell your friends around you that they pay too much for their porter; but if, whilſt your wrath is fuming and working like the liquor on which you are deſcanting, you happen to recollect that ſome of your neareſt and beſt friends are brewers alſo, it may be neceſſary, by a well-timed compliment to *their* virtues, to check that fermentation amongſt your auditory which might otherwiſe run over.

In cloſing a long ſpeech, if your auditory ſhould appear unuſually *quiet*, you muſt give them a hint, by recommending them *to hear* your opponent; this they will perfectly underſtand, your end will be completely anſwered, and ſome *ſimple ſouls* will, perhaps, give you credit for your candour.

There is one very delicate ſubject, in the progreſs of your conteſt, which may require a little elucidation—the ſubject to which I refer, is *coalition*. —Now the difficulty is not in *forming* the coalition, but in *denying* it when formed.—You may make a bargain with one of your antagoniſts to exchange vote for vote, until *you* are at the head of the poll, then *you* withdraw your aſſiſtance—this is *no coalition*;—make the ſame offer to your other antagoniſt—he may ſee through the trick, and refuſe, or not underſtanding the new doctrine of fractions, may not be able to comprehend how you ſhall be able, keeping *one vote* to yourſelf, to give the

other

other to *two* candidates;—*n'importe*, as you made the offer to both, it is a clear proof that you have no preference for either; therefore it is *no coalition*. If the world won't believe *you*, let *your committee* swear the same thing; the deuce is in it if this won't do, at least *amongst the saints*.

With respect to your conduct when *in* the house, it was my intention to *lay down* certain principles, but as it is likely you have laid down *your* principles already, I shall conclude with a few desultory hints for general reference.

As the readiest way to convince, is to be unintelligible, we will suppose you have taken up your subject, an Indian one for instance—you must first here lay in a stock of terms, talk much of the *Zenana*, and of the *Jaghcers*, for its support; set all the ladies crying for the fate of the poor *Bhow Begum*, swear she was robbed, ravished, and murdered—then to complete your climax, introduce *Munny Begum*, swears that *she* was *robbed* also—the devil's in it if they won't believe that.

As to the misapplication of your terms, there are but few can find it out; you may therefore, give us *Pergunnah* for *Perwannah*, or *Zemindar* for *Zemindarry*, as we often say *prebend for prebendary*.

You must describe the petty Rajah whose cause you espouse, as a pattern of piety and virtue, even though you should confess that he has five hundred wives, and, for state purposes, had murdered half of his children; or with respect to some other, enlarge upon his parental affection, though you are at the same time obliged to confess that he had not a child except those he bought *ready made!*

The more daring your charge, or the more it flies in the face of common sense, the more credit you will be likely to gain with the bulk of mankind, who, instead of saying 'it is impossible any man could be guilty of such crimes,' will argue 'it is impossible that any man could bring such charges if they were not true.'

Though economy is not one of your *private* virtues, be careful to let it be one of your public professions; let it thunder in the ear of the minister, until it is re-echoed in the distant murmurs of the people—until some friend, whom you wish to oblige, comes to ask from the nation, a second payment, (for an island, perhaps) for what he has already sold for more than its real worth, then—changing the tragic for the comic mass, give a laughing speech to the house to save your consistency, and give a good humoured vote for the grant, though even in coincidence with the minister.

Let this minister be your constant object of attack whilst you are *out*, but should he be inclined to take you *in*, you have only, whilst changing sides, to shift your opera glass, and I should imagine you too good an actor to require a prompter to point out to you O. P. or P. S.

But the important moment arrives—death, or some other lucky chance clears the course, and your friends walk in for the plate.

Now begins your harvest: economy and reform are to be forgotten, whilst your waking dreams and nightly slumbers are haunted by sinecures, reversions, contracts, bonuses, and turtle feasts. Invite all your friends to a holiday *fête*, let it last as long as Jonah was in the whale's belly, and though you have no *officers of the navy*, yet you may have some *officers of the fleet* to grace the gala. If this passage is too obscure, the prompter's book for the '*good-natured man*,' may, perhaps, explain the difficulty.

If you can find time from those serious avocations to attend to the affairs of the nation, you may step down for once to the house, just to quiz the ex-party, by crying roast

meat in this, you are to measure *their* feelings by your own, and to judge of their chagrin by your own superabundant satisfaction.

Whatever you had opposed as wrong *when out*, may be right *when in*, and should any measure have been peculiarly the object of censure, you may venture *to double it*, as the odium must fall on those who first invented it.

As practice, or rather example, is more useful than precept, I shall just recommend to you to study some *flaming* characters of the present day;—he who runs may read, and with such glowing examples before you, further hints must be needless. I shall, therefore, sit down after moving an amendment, though I am free to confess, that although a friend to rational reform. I never expect to see it amongst the *elected*, until there is a reform amongst the *electors*. Whilst bribery, corruption, private interest, and overbearing impudence, mark the conduct of every petty borough during the election contest, is it to be expected that men of real feeling and nice honour will step forward to encounter the hydra?—No! they will most certainly leave it to the political mountebank, to strut his little hour upon the hustings with unblushing front, and bellow forth his oft-told tale of patriotism and reform.

A Pedestrian Tour through France, Germany, Holland. Switzerland and Denmark. Written during the Year 1805, 6, *and* 7.

Hamburgh, May 23. 1805.

MY return is defferred. Notwithstanding the desire I must feel, dearest A—, of re-be-holding, after an absence of ten years, the spot where the earliest and happiest part of my life had been spent, I have been induced to abandon the fulfilment of my wishes for some time longer. I advanced as far as Kiel, where I intended to spend only a few days, and then to continue my journey to Husum, when a visit to professor B—, the day after my arrival, induced me to enter into an engagement, which will probaly retain me three years more on the Continent. His pressing solicitations, and the advantageous offers he made me on the part of count B—, eldest son of minister B—, have induced me to accompany this young nobleman in a tour he intends to make through Germany and other parts of Europe. The conditions are too advantageous to be rejected; and if you will add to this circumstance a kind of constitutional, or rather, national predilection for wandering, you will be acquainted with my inducements to this new peregrination.—The character of my companion is, at the same time, so conformable to my own, that it was impossible for me to resist the temptation. We undertook our journey on foot; and this young nobleman, who will one day possess a princely fortune, had already determined on this mode of travelling, before I communicated my opinion as to its utility and pleasure: knowing my sentiments on that head, you will find no difficulty in believing me, that this was another very strong incitement to my acquiescence. The character of my pupil is, in like manner, so amiable; he possesses such various and useful endowments; his desire of instruction is so ardent; he has so much refinement of taste, with such solidity of understanding, that I expect more benefit from his intercourse, than he can possibly acquire from mine. In fact your friend, notwithstanding his experience, years and excursions, stands in more absolute need of a guide, than his youthful companion. This is one of the frolics common in our best of possible worlds; and if we had no other to complain of, the opinion of the majority of its inhabitants would coincide, in this one respect at least,

with the ſentiments of Leibnitz, Pope, the immortal Pangloſs, and other illuſtrious optimiſts. However as the all-directing goddeſs, Fortune, who, be it ſaid without arrogance or depreciation, has more influence on the reſolves of diſtinguiſhed mortals, than they will willingly admit, has ſent me once more in queſt of adventures; I intend to tranſmit you a faithful account, if I have leiſure or whim to examine.

Whilſt the count was making the neceſſary arrangements for his departure, I employed the time in an excurſion into Schleburg and Jutland. An extraordinary transformation has taken place, during the laſt twenty years, in all the Daniſh provinces. This amelioration is univerſally aſcribed by the natives to the late count Bernſtorff, father of the preſent miniſter for foreign affairs. When that diſtinguiſhed ſtateſman was placed at the head of the adminiſtration, the country was in a ſtate of diſorganization and miſery, not to be imagined. The court was continually engaged in ſome wild and impracticable project relative to the army, finances and internal œconomy; whilſt the courtiers rendered every idea of reformation extravagant, in conſequence of their rapacity and ignorance. The unavoidable diſorder in the finances, together with the weakneſs and vanity of the government, contributed to enrich a ſwarm of adventuring projectors from other countries. The facility, with which adventurers obtained the firſt offices in the ſtate give riſe to a proverbial expreſſion, that if a fellow were good for nothing elſe, he would be qualified for a Daniſh counſellor, and make his fortune in Copenhagen. Under ſuch circumſtances, you will form ſome idea of the kind of patriotiſm which prevailed. Unceaſing cabals, intrigues, and revolutions, agitated the miniſtry; and the fate of the unfortunate *Struenſee* affords a tragical example of the vengeance with which integrity and merit were then perſecuted.

A total revolution, in every branch of the adminiſtration, has ſince occurred; partly through the patriotic exertions of Bernſtorff, and partly through the extraordinary occurrences of our time. I never, indeed, remember any circumſtance which afforded me higher gratification than the enthuſiaſtic veneration with which every claſs of inhabitants pronounced the name of that departed ſtateſman. Several years have elapſed ſince his death; but I never heard the Danes ſpeak without the ſtrongeſt marks of feeling and gratitude of his ſervices. I have frequently heard them exclaim, in conſequence of ſome ſuppoſed grievances they laboured under: 'Ah, if Bernſtorff were alive, this would not have taken place!'

Whatever degree of merit ſhould be attributed to that miniſter, and however juſt the veneration may be which the inhabitants expreſs for his memory, the revolution conſiderably contributed to the fortunate change which has taken place in this country. The annihilation of the French, Dutch, and Spaniſh commerce has, by making the Danes the carriers of the produce of thoſe ſeveral countries, introduced a degree of opulence among the middling and lower claſſes, and a proportionate degree of independance and amelioration. This has removed that exceſſive inequality, which exiſted between theſe claſſes and the order of the nobility; and the latter would now be laughed at, if they attempted to enforce their former inſolent pretenſions and excluſive privileges.—They have the good ſenſe, however, to accommodate themſelves freely, and with grace, to this unavoidable change: and ſeveral of them are remarkable for their merit and popularity.

The Danes are, nevertheleſs, far behind their neighbours in civilization

and induſtry. They are, in general, a heavy, melancholy people; and entertain a truly ridiculous opinion of the reſources of their government and country.—Their manners are unſocial and ungraceful; and their amuſements impreſs one with no very favourable notion of their moral and intellectual refinement. The harſhneſs and diſſonance of their language perfectly correſpond with the vulgarity of their deportment and the uncouthneſs of their appearance. The horrid oaths with which they animate their converſation, and their exceſſive vociferation, render their intercourſe the moſt nauſeous I have witneſſed. Their brutal indulgence in the uſe of ſpirituous liquors, and their addiction to play, are marked and diſguſting traits in their character; and, after all the obſervations I have been able to make, they are the laſt people with whom I would chuſe to ſpend my life.—More on the ſame ſubject in my next.—I am, &c.

The Death of Oſſian. An attempt at an Imitation of Oſſian.

Doſt thou delight in ſongs?—OSSIAN.

CHEARFUL were the ſteps of the traveller over the heath, though the wind of the ſtorm whiſtled in his lofty plumes, and the red lightning played on his boſſy ſhield. He hummed the ſong of the deeds of the days that were paſſed, as he ſhook the cold rain from his hair. Many were the years that had rolled away on the rapid courſe of time, ſince the traveller had ſeen the walls of Selma, and his heart bounded as he drew near them—but his ſteps echo lonely and hollow in the halls of Fingal, and the heart of the traveller ſaddens at the ſound, as the clouds of the ſhower darken the bright face of the ſun of the ſpring.

Traveller.—Where dwell the mighty now? Why am I here alone? When laſt I trod thy courts, oh! Selma, Fingal the renowned (Fingal who was to the foes of his people like the ruſhing of a hundred ſtreams but when the day of ſtriſe was over was mild as the tear of pity, which trembles in the eye of beauty;) ſpread the generous feaſt, and his race flouriſhed around him like the youthful oaks around the monarch of the wood. Thou waſt here Oſſian, chief of a thouſand bards, and friend of my ſoul; and Oſcar, hero of youth, whoſe eager glance ſought the downcaſt eyes of Malvina, ſoft beam of beauty; and the heroes of Fingal ſhone near her, like the green ſparkling ſtars, round the queen of night. The bards raiſed the joy of grief, or ſent back the ſoul to the deeds of other times. Sweet was their ſong, but thine, oh! Oſſian excelled them all. You ſang the deeds of heroes, the ſtriſe of glory. The glow of valour fluſhed the cheek of the heroes, their hands fought their ſwords, and half drew them from their ſides—they aroſe from their ſeats, and reached towards their boſſy ſhields. But then thy ſong was of love; of a ſtar of beauty which had ſhone, but ſome ſtorm had darkened its bright face; tears filled our eyes and their flowing extinguiſhed the flame of glory. Then you ſang the joys of love, of two young hearts burning with one pure flame. The eyes of Oſcar and Malvina met, and ſpoke: the lovers ſighed, ſoft as the gale of the evening of ſummer, when ſweets load its breath. Thy voice trembled, oh! Oſſian, as you ſang for your thoughts were of Everallin. The ſon of Marni aroſe troubled from his ſeat, and ſighing, deeply as the wind in the cave of the rock, left the hall, for his memory returned to the form of the lovely, to the faded bloſſom of Oithona. Pleaſant were thoſe days; they float on the ſoul like the blaſt of the evening in autumn, when it moans among the withered leaves, and ſleep ſteals ſoft

ly o'er the eyes of the thoughtful. But where are ye now? Daughter of Morven, where are the mighty? hunt they the bounding roes? or mix they in the field of war? Tell me, maiden, for this arm falls not lightly on the foes of Selma's heroes.

Maiden.—The sons of the feeble now poſſeſs the lands of the renowned. Fingal, king of ſpears, reigns in his airy hall. Oſcar hunts the roe amidſt the clouds of Heaven, and Malvina comes on the gale that wafts pleaſure to the hearts of love. Oſſian alone king of bards, ſtands like an oak which a hundred ſtorms had battered in vain. When the morning beamed, I led him (for though his ſoul ſhines with the light of the ſong, his eyes are dark) to where the moſſy bank riſes by the ſoftly gliding ſtream, beneath the ſpreading arms of the mighty oak. There ſits the bard, and ſings the ſongs of other times.

Traveller.—Hark! I hear his harp, it brings to my memory the joys that are paſt. Yonder ſits the chief of the fields of old, and leans upon his harp—but 'tis not he that touches its ſtrings, it is the paſſing breeze.

Maiden.—Perhaps Malvina floats on that breeze, and gives ſoft notes to the harp of the bard; for dear was the voice of Cona to Malvina, and dear the ſound of his harp.—But ſee the hero ſleeps—ah! no 'tis death—his ſoul has joined the mighty in their airy halls—the oak is blaſted by the lightning of the ſtorm!

Traveller.—And art thou fallen, mightieſt tree of the deſert? The traveller paſſed, and ſaw thee in thy beauty—thy leafy head towered above thy neighbours, blooming were thy branches, and lovely thy ſhoots which ſurrounded thee, but thou art fallen, and ſoon ſhall thy place be bare. I was dear to thee, Oſſian, in the days of my youth; and I ſaid to myſelf when I was in the land of ſtrangers, and fought againſt the king of the world, 'My deeds ſhall not float away on the breeze of to-day, like the deeds of the feeble and unknown, for Oſſian, chief of bards, Oſſian, friend of my ſoul, ſhall ſing their praiſe; and my name ſhall be familiar to the ſons of other times.' But thou haſt failed, ſweet voice, and thy ſound is no more; thou art a beam which ſhone brightly, but the miſts of eve have extinguiſhed thy brightneſs. And thou, oh! Oſſian, who gave the deeds of heroes to the ſons of the future, who ſhall ſing thy praiſe? Shall the ſtones, with their moſſy heads, which tell to the hunter, 'here lies Oſſian, king of ſpears,' be the only voice to bear thy name to other times? Oh! no. For when the ſtranger ſhall hear thy ſongs of Fingal and of his heroes, he ſhall aſk 'who it was ſung the deeds of the mighty?' Who, but Oſſian, voice of Cona. He ſhall hum thy ſongs as he travels o'er the heath, and ſay, 'Then ſweet was that voice.' He ſhall tell to the ſons of his ſtrength, *who* beſt ſang the proweſs of warriors, and the ſong of the maid of love: and the name of Oſſian ſhall be dear to the hero, as the ſhout of battle, and loved by the kind of heart as the tear of pity or the ſmile of beauty.

Britiſh Theatrical Journal.

DRURY-LANE, SEPTEMBER 29.

AFTER the comedy of *The Wonder*, a new operatic farce was performed, intituled '*The Fortune-teller*;' The principal *Dramatis Perſonæ* of which were as follows:—

Lordly, mr. Wewitzer; Joe, mr. Banniſter; Charles, mr. Smith; Frances, mr. Powel; Trigger, mr. Matthews; Edward, mr. Gibbon. Lady Worthland, mrs. Mountain; Margery, mrs. Bland.

PLOT.

PLOT.

Lady Worthland, an heireſs, a ſtranger to Lordly, in whoſe power every thing had been left till her coming of age, is brought up and educated at a diſtance from her eſtates; but having heard of various outrages and abuſes, on tenants and property, by Lordly, in order to convince herſelf how far the above reports are true, ſhe gains admittance, by means of Francis (formerly a ſervant of her father's), to Blackthorn's family, as a temporary inmate, calling herſelf Emma; when Edward, Blackthorn's ſon, becomes enamoured of her, and ſhe of him, but rejects him: in conſequence of which Edward enliſts for a light-horſeman. Lady Worthland ſecretly promiſes him a commiſſion; goes herſelf to the camp, and conveys it to him in ſuch a manner as to keep him ignorant of his benefactor: ſhe alſo contrives to meet him, and, as a fortune-teller, to appriſe him of ſome good fortune that awaits him; ſhe then returns, and aſſumes her own character. Edward ſoon after receives his commiſſion, and returns to his father's, whom he finds ordered by Lordly to quit his farm, in conſequence of ſome indignity ſhown to Joe, Lordly's ſon. Margery contrives to meet lady Worthland, and to appeal to her in behalf of her father, when, in the lady, ſhe recognizes her friend Emma. Lady Worthland takes Margery home with her. Edward ſhortly arrives: all parties meet; an explanation takes place; and Edward receives the hand of Lady Worthland.

The ſtory, as will be evident, is not very intricate, nor very probable; nor was there much dexterity in the management of it. The author here and there had ſtruck out ſome good ſentiments which were tolerably well expreſſed; but in general the dialogue was tame and inſipid; neither enlivened by humour nor wit, nor embelliſhed with imagery. There was little variety in the characters, and they were but feebly drawn. The muſic, by mr. Reeve, had much variety and ſweetneſs; the overture conſiſted of a paſtoral movement, in which much ſcience was diſplayed, and it was followed by a rondo for the flute of a very ſprightly turn. It was much applauded, and moſt of the ſongs were *encored*. The performers made every exertion to give effect to the piece; but it became very dull toward the concluſion, and provoked no ſmall degree of oppoſition.—We have heard no more of it, and therefore conclude that it is withdrawn.

Oct. 4.—The comedy of *The Rivals* introduced to the London ſtage a mrs. Orger, from the theatre royal, Edinburgh. This lady, who appeared in the part of *Lydia Languiſh*, poſſeſſes a pretty figure, evinced conſiderable talent in the performance of the character, and will prove a uſeful addition to the ſtrength of the company, particularly in parts of tenderneſs and ſimplicity.

22. *The Stranger*, which was performed with ſo much ſucceſs in France, and excited ſo much intereſt in this country from the inimitable performance of mrs. Siddons, was revived at this theatre, to bring forward mrs. Mudie, from Windſor, a lady of provincial celebrity, in the part of *mrs. Haller*. Mrs. Mudie is of middle ſize, ſlender, a good figure, and, we ſuppoſe, about thirty five years of age. Of her voice, ſeveral of the upper tones reminded us of mrs. Jordan. In her early ſcenes (perhaps from the timidity natural to the novelty of her ſituation, in appearing before one of the moſt crowded audience that ever graced this theatre, increaſed by the apprehenſion of following ſuch an actreſs as mrs. Siddons, her predeceſſor) ſeveral of her lower tones were not diſtinctly audible in the diſtant parts of the theatre; but in the ſcene with

the *Counteſs*, and in that with the *Stranger*, ſhe convinced the audience that her voice has conſiderable compaſs. Mrs. Mudie evinced a juſt conception of her author, and in our opinion will prove a uſeful acquiſition to the managers.

7.—THE KING'S THEATRE. *Covent-garden company.*—After the repreſentation of *The Stranger*, a new melo-drama was exhibited, intituled '*The Foreſt of Hermanſtadt*; or, *Princeſs and No Princeſs*. The following were the dramatis perſonæ.

Almaric, duke of Tranſylvania, mr. Thompſon; Oſwald, mr. Brunton; Zavalano, mr. Farley; Carle, mr. Blanchard; Baſil mr. Chapman; Andrew, mr. Liſton; Wallachian Soldiers, meſſrs. King and Treby. Elleſina, princeſs of Bulgaria, mrs. H. Johnſton; Oſwald's ſiſter the (pretended princeſs), mrs. Gibbs; Gertrude, mrs. Davenport; Villagers, ſoldiers, &c.

STORY.

Almaric, grand duke of Tranſylvania, having heard much in praiſe of Elleſina, daughter to the ſovereign of Bulgaria, ſends Oſwald, his confidential friend, to make propoſals of marriage in his name.

Oſwald has an accompliſhed but ambitious ſiſter, named Ulrica, who has never been ſeen by Almaric. Oſwald ſends home the picture of his ſiſter, inſtead of that of the princeſs Elleſina, to his maſter, who becomes enamoured of the portrait, and ſends orders to his treacherous friend to haſten the marriage. Oſwald concludes his negotiation, and departs from Bulgaria with the princeſs, but by a pretended recontre with a Wallachian banditti, he puts to death all thoſe of Elleſina's retinue who had ſeen her face, it having been the cuſtom for ladies in Bulgaria to appear always veiled in public; and leaving the princeſs to the care of two ruffians, in a ruined palace in the foreſt of Hermanſtadt, he decks his ſiſter with the royal ornaments and dreſs, and carries her towards the court, under the aſſumed title of princeſs of Bulgaria.

The true Elleſina, having ſucceeded in ſoftening the heart of her ferocious guards, and eſcaped from their intentions of murdering her, finds ſhelter in a little inn on the borders of the foreſt. To this inn the duke Almaric brings Ulrica, the pretended princeſs having met her in her progreſs towards his capital. Oſwald and Ulrica are diſmayed at ſeeing their victim, and by their threats and artifices prevent the affrighted princeſs from diſcovering herſelf. She experiences a variety of adventurers while thus ſituated, and particularly attracts the notice of Almaric, who already begins to diſlike the haughty meaſures of Ulrica, and to wiſh he had not ſo haſtily been faſcinated by her picture. In the mean time, Zavalano, one of Elleſina's eſcort (a nobleman and a friend of her father, the Bulgarian king), having eſcaped the fate of the princeſs's other attendants, arrives, on his way to Hermanſtadt, at the inn, recogniſes his ſovereign's daughter under her diſguiſe, and having induced Oſwald's confidant (Karle) to confeſs part of his maſter's villany, he throws himſelf at Almaric's feet, and accuſes Oſwald and Ulrica. His teſtimony is not at firſt believed, till two ruffians who were to have diſpatched Elleſina, are brought in ſupport of it, and a diamond ornament, which Ulrica knows not the ſecret to open, is opened by Elleſina, and produces an heretofore-concealed portrait of the real princeſs. The conſpirators are puniſhed, and Almaric is united to Elleſina.

The ruſtic comicality of the innkeeper Baſil, his wife Gertrude, and their man Andrew, forms the lighter part of the piece. Andrew, ſuppoſing Elleſina to be one of his own rank in life, makes love to her, and aſſiſts,

aſſiſts, innocently, in adding to the embarraſſments ſhe is perpetually thrown into by the novelty and danger of her diſguiſed ſituation.

This afterpiece is mr. Skeffington's play of *The Myſterious Bride* compreſſed into two acts by mr. T. Dibdin, with the aid of pretty and appropriate muſic by Jouve, and all the aſſiſtance of ſcenery and decoration which the liberality and activity of the proprietors could effect under the preſſure of their recent calamity. The performers exerted themſelves very commendably. Brunton, Farley, Blanchard, mrs. Gibbs, and mrs. Davenport, diſplayed their reſpective talents to advantage. Liſton gave a looſe to his characteriſtic drollery, and by a ludicrious imitation of Pariſot and Deſhayes, 'well ſuited to the trick of the ſcene,' convulſed the houſe with the merriment.—The heroine of the evening was mrs. H. Johnſton, who exhibited ſuch elegance of attitude and expreſſion of countenance as were highly captivating.—Oſcar Byrne, the Veſtris in miniature, appeared, after a retirement of two years, and was loudly applauded; he is much grown, and exhibited evident proofs of having ſtudied with improvement the graces of Terpſichore.—The piece was well received, and has ſince had a proſperous career.

The Shamrock of November. The Georgium Sidus.

EXCELLENCE of any kind attracts praiſe, and praiſe ſtimulates excellence to become ſtill more deſerving of applauſe. From the high region of power and faſhion, we deſcend into the humble walks of ſociety, in order to preſent our monthly reſpects to a medical gentleman of diſtinguiſhed reputation in the town of Hillſylvania. Sir George Atkinſon, our preſent biographical ſubject, drew his firſt breath in the great county of Donegall, being deſcended from a moſt reſpectable family, particularly on the ſide of his mother, who belonged to the eminent family of Knox in that opulent county. In his native county alſo he received the rudiments of his education, when he diſcovered favourable prognoſtics of genius and ability: the noble art of healing the diſeaſes of the body having made a ſtrong impreſſion on his youthful mind, he determined, to make it his profeſſion; and therefore, when ſufficiently inſtructed in Greek and Latin was ſent to the univerſity of Edinburgh the firſt in the world for medical learning, then more eſpecially diſtinguiſhed by the celebrated names of Black and Cullen, where he took his degree of doctor in medicine. On leaving college, he became acquainted with the late amiable and patriotic marquis of Downſhire, then lord Kilwarlin; about which time that illuſtrious ſtateſman, the firſt marquis of Downſhire, who was then only earl of Hillſborough, having retired from the agitations of court, reſided chiefly at Hillſylvania in domeſtic tranquillity; and lord Kilwarlin perceiving in his new acquaintance a fitneſs to attend his venerable father under declining years, doctor Atkinſon was induced by their concurrent wiſhes as well as by the proximity of a beloved relative, to ſettle as a phyſician in that town. About this period, the fame of doctor Halliday of Belfaſt predominated not only in the county of Antrim, but alſo in that of Down; on the arrival however of our young Aeſculapius he was compelled to retire within his own frontier. Before this criſis, the doctor and the apothecary, from time immemorial, had been identified in the place; but now they are diſtinct members of the faculty, as they ought to be. A more hoſpitable nobleman than the firſt marquis of Downſhire never exiſted; it was during a friend-

ly

ly visit to his lordship, our biographical subject received the honour of knighthood from the hands of the late Duke of Rutland, when lord lieutenant of Ireland. Though the professional talents of sir George would recommend him any where, yet it must at the same time be admitted, the avowed countenance of his noble patrons was of service to him: accordingly his advice has been in great request in this neighbourhood, so that he is now possessed of an independent fortune, while he is daily by his practice adding thereto. In the administration of the healing art, he has been remarkably successful; for he comprehends acurately the disorder of his patients, and if they are to be cured, will cure them by the most suitable and efficacious remedies. His professional knowledge is accompanied by integrity of moral character; while his manners are so agreeable he can wink at the wittiest bow to the prettiest, compliment the genteelest, and kiss her he loves best. Operose it would be to select from the circles of polished society one more distinguished for the graces of affability and condescension than our scientific gentleman. If objects of charity entreat his aid, he will prescribe for them gratuitously, having set apart one day in the week for this benevolent purpose. Nor is his learning confined merely to his own profession, for he is a general good scholar, and has a most refined taste in polite literature. With acquisitions of science he exhibits usefulness, with sentiments of gaiety he connects wisdom, and with principles of honour he retains humanity. In a word both the talents and virtues of our excellent physician are such, as would qualify him for the most situations of medical practice in the united kingdom.

Watching for the Morning.

ABOUT an hour before day, there breaks through the darkness of the eastern sky, between the apparent intervals of the stars, a certain tremulous emanation of light, as of a new substance coming into existence; which gradually increasing, the stars shine with a fainter lustre, and the grand distinctions of nature are at length dimly seen. In order to understand this description, it must be remarked the stars, at the distance of the earth, discover themselves, but not other bodies, which can be perceived only by the light of the sun or moon. To proceed with the thread of our watching, as yet the interesting orient is nothing but a grey dawn, while with respect to the earth, a profound silence and placid tranquillity are the characteristical accompaniments of this early hour, and impress the inquisitive soul with venerable yet pleasing ideas. After some time, the grey dawn assumes a fallow complexion, which in a few minutes changes into a bright yellow, when the colour of terrestrial objects become plainly discernible: the mountain is beheld standing in sullen majesty; the valley covered by a white mist, with clumps of trees rising above it, like islands in the midst of the sea; and in the immediate vicinity, the cattle slumbering on the verdant plain, or feeding with silent satisfaction over the dewy pasture. By this time, a distinct light is diffused over the whole celestial vault, when a chattering noise is heard, and the magpie wings its way from the shady covert into the open country, the crow also, with the hawk and the heron, may be discovered flying in the perspective, in search of their respective provisions. Now blushes, more delicate than those which tinge the cheeks of modest youth, adorn the clouds of the horizon, while the clouds more remote therefrom are decorated with a variety of tints and hues which the pencil of the greatest painter could

never equal. So beautiful a ſky preſented to the view, tranſports the mind of him who watches for the morning, while in aid of his admiration he recollects appropriate deſcriptions of it by the affectionate Milton, the rural Thomſon, or the exact Radcliffe; ſo charming a ſcene, he is convinced, could proceed only from the infinitely charming: the benevolent intention diſplayed in the illumination of a world ſtrikes him with demonſtrative evidence, and his heart overflows with gratitude to the Deity, the original ſource of all beauty, perfection and happineſs. Still therefore keeping his eyes fixed on that part of the Heavens, which from its ſuperior luſtre he concludes will be the place of the riſing ſun, he looks more and more earneſtly for its manifeſtation. Now golden coruſcations from the body of the approaching luminary, like the ſpokes of a wheel, fill the whole oriental region with amazing ſplendour, when ſhortly after the ſuperior edge of the ſun glances on the dazzled light: exactly in the ſpace of five minutes its entire orb is above the horrizon, revealed in mild effulgence: about this time the cock crows with the voice of a Stentor, the ſmoke is ſeen leaving the chimney of the cottage, and the uſeful peaſant repairs to his daily employment.

If then the obſervation of a fair morning be ſo extremely delightful, it is ſtrange enough the generality of perſons ſhould be ſo eager to run to ſuch places as the Curragh and Vauxhall, while they indulge an apathy for the beauties of creation. We do not mean to decry public amuſements under the view in which they promote the intereſt of ſociety; but muſt contend, rational and immortal creatures ſhould cultivate a taſte for the works of nature, which are as much ſuperior to thoſe of art, as the author of nature is ſuperior to a human artiſt. In order to enjoy thoſe glorious and divine works, with a reliſh worthy of their tranſcendent charms nothing more is requiſite, beſides the faculty of perceiving them, which the Supreme Being has given us, than the practice of ſincere virtue, which depends on ourſelves.

Ode to Meditation.

COME, meditation, penſive maid,
While ſober evening reigns,
And, in her purple veſt array'd,
Glides o'er the ſilent plains,
Conduct me where the drowſy bat,
That ſeems to fly with pain,
May ſometimes hit againſt my hat,
Amid the duſky lane.

Or yonder, where the golden leaves,
That in November fall
From the proud elm, its boughs which waves
Above the maſſy wall,
Drop obvious in the ſilver rays
Of the aſcending moon,
While zephyr in the branches plays,
Making a ſort of tune.

There, while I view the tranquil ſcene,
The world around at reſt,
O let its image reign within
And peace poſſeſs my breaſt.
Such peace as every good man feels,
When in the noiſeleſs way
He reads his life and conſcience ſeals
The action of the day!

For ſweeter than the gale that blows
From the Arabian ſhore,
More precious than the gem which glows
Where Indian billows roar,
The peace which every good man feels,
When in the ſolemn way
He reads his life, and conſcience ſeals
The duties of the day.

Hibernia. AGLAUS.

ORIGINAL AND SELECT POETRY.

Epitaph, on a late Racing Nobleman.

HERE lies of quadrupeds the ſlave,
Of woman-kind the gay deceiver;
Unſkill'd a favourite race to ſave,
He loſt a heat and gain'd a fever.

To thoſe who doubt that life's a ſpan,
His lordſhip's fate will plainly ſhew it—
Once, *on* the turf a living man,
But now a ſkeleton *below* it.

For

For Walker's Ancient Miscellany.

Sacred to the Memory of the dear-departed Mrs. O'Halloran, of J—l street, Ennis, County of Clare.

'Munere fungar inani.'

'SILENT alas! is she for whom I mourn,'
Gone to that world, ah! whence she'll ne'er return!
Descend, ye winged virtues! from on high,
And own the likeness of your near ally.
Speak, piety, queen of virtues, her guide,
Speak, patience, meekness, who grac'd her side.
Say, ev'ry virtue's beauty, her's we call;
As we do each, so she resembl'd all.—
No window to her bosom did we need,
The goodness there appear'd in ev'ry deed.
In ev'ry look, in ev'ry smile was seen,
The virtues, sense and peace that reign'd within. (writing sighs,
I pause;—the friend who writes, and
Must stop to wipe the tear from sorrow's eyes.— (dwell,
Tho' gone, thou still in memory shalt
And still for thee the mourning heart shall swell:— thy grave,
Whilst friendship's hand shall twine around
This humble wreath thy *worth* from time to save.

Limerick, October 20, 1808.

For the Hibernian Miscellany.

On the lovely-blooming Miss F—l—y, late of Shepperton, County of Clare.

Whose graces of person and mind,
Stamp her of Nature's first order!

OH! may my numbers like my theme appear (clear.
Smooth as her temper—as her virtue's
But should my verses e'er so much commend, cend.—
All my eulogiums she would far transHonora's manners give me consta t jo y,
Her virtues might the ablest pen employ.
Artless she seems—yet has the surest art,
To wound and fix the too inconstant heart,
Indulgent nature has each grace supplyd,
Nor *matchless form* to inward touch deny'd.
A generous freedom ev'ry hour she shews,
And all her words a spotless heart disclose.
Such *rare perfections* in F—l—y abound,
Her equal scarcely is thro Ireland found!

Limerick, Oct. 20, 1808.

For the Universal Miscellany.

On the Beautiful and accomplished miss Eliza F—ly, of Cork.

'That look of thine!!'
To write of *sweet Eliza* I'd aspire:
Eliza! there's melting music in the sound,
Each time repeated it inflicts a wound.—
With gentle voice, and modest downcast eyes, (her prize.
This nymph with ease makes many a heart
She in each glance, each motion throws a dart, (smart!
Yet we rejoice oh! whilst we feel the
We willingly our hearts to her resign,
Whose *form* and whose *air* are *so divine*!
Blooming and young our rapture she inspires,
And kindles in each breast resistless fires!
O happy maid! in whom all virtue's dwell,
Whom Nature form'd so greatly to excel.
Your *worth* and *loveliness* to all are known,
'Scaping no observation—*but your own!*

Limerick, Oct. 20, 1808.

For Gibson's Admired Miscellany.

To Mary, second daughter of the most excellent Widow B—tl—r, of Ennis, County of Clare.

——— and in *thy looks*, which from the moment I sure first beheld thee, infus'd sweetness into my heart, unfelt before:—and into all things, from *thy form*, inspir'd the live of love—and essence of delight!!

MARY! sweet angelic fair!
Cruel source of all my care.
Plac'd on beauty's dazzling throne,
Lo! I bend to thee alone.—
To thee alone I bend thus low,
Sole Arbitress of bliss or woe!—
Let the billows lash the shore,
Let the vengeful thunders roar;—
Let the vivid lightning fly,
Winging terrors thro' the sky:—
Unaw'd I'd view the sea-lash'd shore,—
Unaw'd I'd hear the thunders roar;—
Unaw'd I'd see the lightning fly,—
Still tremble at, ah! *Mary's eye!*
B—tl—r's eyes oh! brighter far,
Than Phœbus' lamp—or morning star;—
Swifter than the winged dart,
Pierc'd my frame—and fir'd my heart;
Tortur'd with the keenest pains,
Captive smiling at his chains!
O thou who canst all cares beguile,
Relieve me with one tender smile
With one glance Ah! calm my breast,
And let your wretch'd captive rest:—
For at the *fiat* of *your eye*;—
Smile,—I live; but frown,—I die.

Limerick, Oct. 20, 1808.

For the Hibernian Magazine.

To Fanny, youngeſt daughter of the moſt amiable Widow Bl—d, of Mungret-place, City of Limerick.

Her form is freſher than the morning-roſe,
When the dew wets its leaves;—her mind
Spotleſs and pure, as is the ſnow-drop on the
Alpine brow!

PRETTY Fanny, of tender years,
Who ſo harmleſsly now appears,
Will ſurely ev'ry heart engage;
Sweet charmer of the riſing age!
Faireſt bloſſom of nature may
Ah! no untimely froſt decay
Beauties, which we now may trace,
Blooming in thy angelic face!
But long may all thy beauties laſt,
Preſerv'd from every nipping blaſt!
And long may gracious Heav'n ſhed
Its choiceſt bleſſings on thy head;
Eternal ſweets around thee ſpread!
Limerick, Oct. 20, 1808.

Rebuſes, by R. B. Newry.

A COLOUR ſet down,
When once it is found,
To this annex half of a fruit;
Half what we do,
When on foot we go.
A town does ſpell without diſpute.

Rebus 2.

HALF of a fowl, when revers'd you will find,
Shews a beaſt that is uſeful unto mankind.

Lines Addreſſed to Miſs ———

'TWAS now near night, the glorious god of day,
Declining, caſt on earth a feeble ray,
And night, forth iſſuing from her dark retire, (fire;
Eclips'd all lights, but gleams of ———'s
Round half the earth, her dingy covering threw,
And mantled all things in her ſable hue.

The feathered tribes their leafy manſions found, (ground;
And lowing herds lay couchant on the
And ſunk within the boſom of the deep,
Th' aquatic tribes gave up themſelves to ſleep,
Secure from inſults or of winds or tide,
While far above the lofty billows rides.

Emerging from behind the ſilver ſtreams,
Of liquid air (image of fancy's dreams)
Inconſtant Luna ſhew'd her creſcent face,
And ſtreak'd the fleeting clouds with paler rays,
Amidſt ten thouſand, beautifully bright,
Brighteſt confeſs'd, unrivall'd queen of night.

Then wand'ring thro' the ſolitary glade.
Of chequer'd night, and intermingled, ſhade
Upon the brink of ———s gliding flood:
Forlorn, a hopeleſs, love ſick, ſhepherd ſtood, (mind,
As though he hoped to eaſe his burthen'd
By praying to the waves, or ſighing to the wind.

And art thou gone, for ever gone he ſaid
Muſt I no more behold thee deareſt maid?
And did'ſt—couldſt thou—cruel from me part, (heart:
Forget thy ———, and tear him from thy
Thy love was all I wiſhed I aſk'd no more,
Poſſeſſed of that, I thought e'er monarchs' poor.

Of late how changed how altered is the ſcene, (ſeem;
And oh! how changed how altered do I
Jocund no more amongſt the ſhepherd ſwain,
I ſing delighted in alternate ſtrains:
Or whilſt to ſeek my lambs I varying ſtray,
With ſhriller ruſtic ſounds beguile the tedious way.

Thus while he ſpoke, each different paſſion ranged,
His varying features, and his viſage chang'd
With rage inflamed, and with deſpair oppreſs'd (breaſt;
He curs'd his fate, and beat his heaving
Then madly ruſhing on the yielding wave,
The yielding waves divide, and prove the wiſh'd for grave.

Thus ——— died—thus——met his fate,
Ere life had lengthen'd half its wonted date,
Nov. 6, 1808. AMOR.

To Erin Mavourneen. Tranſlated from the Ancient Iriſh of Oeliſh the Bard.

THOU dear ſeducer of my heart,
Fond cauſe of ev'ry ſtruggling ſigh,
No more can I conceal love's ſmart,
No more reſtrain the ardent eye.
What though this tongue did never move,
To tell of all its maſter's pain,
My eyes, my look have ſpoke my love!
My charmer ſhall they ſpeak in vain?

My fond imagination warm,
Preſents thee at the noontide beam;
And ſleep gives back thy Angel form,
To claſp thee in the midnight dream.
My Erin, tho' no ſplendid ſtore

I boaſt—a venal heart to move—
Yet, Charmer, I am far from poor,
For I am more than rich in love.

Pulſe of my beating heart! ſhall all
My hopes of thee and peace be fled?
Unheeded wilt thou hear me fall?
Unpitied wilt thou ſee me dead?
I'll make a cradle of my breaſt,
Thy image all its child ſhall be;
My throbbing heart ſhall rock to reſt
Thoſe cares which waſte my life and me.

LONDON, *Nov.* 3.

WE can poſitively aſſure the public, that the warrant for ſummoning a court of inquiry on the armiſtice and convention, is actually ſigned by his majeſty; and that the court, conſiſting of general ſir David Dundas, preſident; general earl Moira, general Peter Craig, lieutenant general earl of Pembroke, lieutenant general lord Heathfield, lieutenant general Oliver Nicols, and lieutenant general ſir George Nugent, bart. will be aſſembled as ſoon as poſſible, after the warrant ſhall be counterſigned by the ſecretary at war, who is now in Scotland.

The inquiry, we can ſtate with equal confidence, will be public; and that the warrant directs, 'that an enquiry ſhall be made into the conditions of the armiſtice and convention, and into all the cauſes and circumſtances, whether ariſing from the previous operations of the Britiſh army, or otherwiſe, which led to them; and into the conduct, behaviour, and proceedings of ſir Hew Dalrymple, and other commander or commanders, or of any other perſon or perſons, as far as the ſame were connected with the armiſtice and convention.

Surely it is not in the power of words to make the propoſed inquiry more comprehenſive; and with ſuch intentions on the part of his majeſty, and with a court ſo conſtituted and compoſed, it is impoſſible that the expectations of the public; for a full and impartial inveſtigation, ſhould not be amply fulfilled?

5.] Mr. Shaw, reached Paris on Monday morning laſt with two diſpatches—one addreſſed to the French miniſter for foreign affairs, the other for the Ruſſian ambaſſador count Romanzow; who, as we ſtated in a former paper, inſtead of ſetting off from Erfurth for Peterſburgh, had proceeded to Paris to wait the anſwer of the Britiſh cabinet to the propoſitions which had been ſent to this country. Mr. Shaw was detained in Paris till Tueſday afternoon, when, having received anſwers, addreſſed to mr. ſecretary Canning, from the French and Ruſſian miniſters, he proceeded on his journey for Boulogne, from whence he embarked at eleven o'clock, on the morning of Thurſday; reached Deal the ſame evening at five o'clock, and came to town yeſterday morning with the mail. He was accompanied to Deal by a French officer, who returned in the flag of truce to Boulogne.

Mr. Shaw was well received at all the places through which he paſſed. While at Paris he was treated with much civility, and was permitted to walk about, without reſtraint, in company with the French meſſenger who lately came to England.

6.] *Myſterious affair.*—On Saturday laſt, a corpſe was brought from Charter houſe ſquare and buried in Iſlington church-yard, and a ſtone erected at the place with this inſcription:—

IN MEMORY OF
Mrs. ELIZABETH EMMA THOMAS,
Who died 28th October, 1808.
AGED 27 YEARS.

She had no fault ſave what trav'llers give
the moon, (ſoon.
The light was bright, but died, alas! too

Mr. Hodgſon the coroner, received a letter, intimating very ſtrong ſuſpicions that the deceaſed had not died naturally, in conſequence of which he applied to the pariſh officers, who ordered the grave to be opened, which was done yeſterday morning, and the body removed to the vault under the church, for the inſpection of the jury, which ſat upon it in the courſe of the day, when the following appeared in evidence:—

The lady died on Friday, was buried on Saturday, and the gentleman with whom ſhe lived (not being married) left town on Sunday, and embarked on Monday at Portſmouth for Spain. On examining the body, *a ſilver pin, about nine inches long, was found ſticking in the heart*, through the left ſide of the body. A medical gentleman who had attended the deceaſed, declared that the pin was inſerted at the requeſt of the gentleman, to prevent the poſſibility of her being alive. The jury brought in a verdict of, *died by the viſitation of God.* The corpſe ſtill lies unburied in the vault.

At a late meeting of the corporation of London, mr. alderman Combe moved, that the ſum of 500l. be given by the corporation of London, for the purpoſe of eſtabliſhing a public ſchool at Londonderry, and for promoting proteſtant education in Ireland. He obſerved that the city of London had received a very extenſive grant of lands in the province of Ulſter, and that the town of Londonderry was a fort of *eleve* of this city. The preſent biſhop of Derry had diſplayed the greateſt munificence in eſtabliſhing and endowing this ſchool, and had

been joined by other corporations and public bodies. It was true that these lands were no longer possessed by the city of London, but still this city might be considered in some degree as the mother of Londonderry, and on this account, as well as because such a grant could not fail to be grateful in every part of the sister island, he hoped the present grant would be acceded to. He should, therefore, propose that this sum should be submitted to the committee of Irish lands, in order that the funds might be made good by them.

Mr. Waithman said, that he should soon have occasion to notice several abuses which had crept into the public charities of this country, and before he agreed to the present motion, he should be glad to know what means were taken to prevent the recurrence of similar abuses in the charity in question.

A long conversation then ensued, in the course of which mr. Slade supported the motion, on the grounds of the deficiency in the means of educating the higher and middle classes in Ireland.

Mr. Quin, from his own experience of the state of education in Ireland, denied this to be the case; and contended, that as it was well known that the expenditure of the corporation of London was above its income, it became them to be just before they were generous.

It was contended, on the other hand, that tho' the city was considerably *minus* at present, yet a number of leases would soon drop in, which would place them in a different situation.

After a good deal of discussion the motion was acceded to, though not unanimously.

New Theatre, Covent-Garden.

The following is the prospectus issued by the managers of Covent-garden theatre; and we have great pleasure in saying, that the subscription is already full. Such is the consequence of the honour with which the proprietors of this theatre have always acquitted their engagements:—A new theatre will be erected with all possible expedition, by Robert Smirk, jun. esq. Architect, on the site of the late theatre royal, in Covent-garden, and that of the houses adjoining. In order to defray, in part, the great expence attached to this undertaking, it is proposed to raise the sum of fifty thousand pounds by subscription, in shares of £.500 each, under the immediate patronage of his most gracious majesty the king.

Each of the subscribers to receive, clear of the property tax, and all other charges and outgoings whatever, an annuity of £.25 to commence from the opening of the said new-theatre, and to continue for the term of 85 years, being the remaining term of the lease, and of all the premises, with the addition of an annual transferable to any part of the theatre before the curtain (private boxes excepted), for which the subscribers will be secured by the patent, and the new theatre, with the scenery, machinery, and all other property therein contained.

The subscription to be paid by the following instalments, viz.

Deposit,	10 per cent.	50
February 1, 1809	20 per cent.	100
April 1, 1809	20 per cent.	100
On covering in	25 per cent.	125
On the day of opening	25 per cent.	125
		£. 500

The subscriptions to be received by messrs. Stephenson, Batson and company, and the whole of the subscription money to be lodged in their hands, together with the £.44,500 to be received from the several insurance offices, for the sole purpose of erecting and completing the said new theatre, and for providing the necessary materials for dramatic and other performances.

The earl of Berkeley had lately the following very perilous adventure:—Walking in the deer park with his son, a child, his lordship was attacked by an American deer, whose horns he immediately seized with both arms, and kept fast hold thereof, when he was thrown down, and trampled on by the furious animal. In this situation he desired the child not to be afraid, but to take from his (the father's) pocket a large knife, and therewith to stab the deer, and to cut his throat, if possible. The son obeyed his father's orders; but had not strength enough to severe the wind-pipe, and completely cut the deer's throat. He, however, by frequent stabs, occasioned the creature to lose much blood, and at last to run away. Lord Berkeley was quite exhausted, but has since recovered from the injury received.

9.] Government yesterday received dispatches from St. Andero of a very favourable nature: they are dated the 31st ult. The intrepid general Blake, who had advanced beyond Bilboa, had attacked the enemy on the 26th, at a place called Zornosa, situated on the road to Durango, where a sharp contest took place, which lasted but a short time, but the conduct of the Spaniards was marked by such judgment, that the Enemy was obliged to retreat, and were considerably annoyed as they retired by the persevering attacks of the heroic Spaniards. Blake had reached Zornosa, and was preparing

preparing to make a freſh attack upon the enemy.

It was thought when theſe diſpatches came away, that the enemy had reſolved to defend Durango, and would riſk a general action for that purpoſe, but they might otherwiſe be reduced to great difficulty if obliged to retreat. Every thing was arranging by Blake, who had reconnoitred their poſition on the 27th, and was reſolved to bring them to a general engagement as ſoon as poſſible. It was reported that Lefebvre had received a reinforcement of about 8000 men from France, but not more. From the whole of theſe diſpatches we are induced to look with confident expectation for ſpeedy and happy accounts of Spaniſh ſucceſſes.

The army under the command of Blake is eſtimated at 50,000 men, moſtly infantry; that under Caſtanos is nearly 60,000, including a great number of cavalry. An army from Catalonia, amounting to between 30 and 40,000, under the command of Vivas, had alſo proceeded to join the main body. The army of arragon, which continued to advance, had been ſtrengthened by great numbers of recruits, who flocked voluntarily from all parts of that province, to ſhare in the glory which was expected ſoon to reſult from the joint exertions of the patriotic forces.

12.] On Tueſday evening laſt, about ſix o'clock, a dreadful fire broke out at the farm of Coverton mill, in the neighbourhood of Kelſo, poſſeſſed by meſſrs. D. and A. M'Dougal. A ſervant firſt gave the alarm that the dwelling houſe was on fire, when mr. A. M'Dougal immediately ran out, and found the roof of the houſe already in a blaze.—The wind blew at the time with exceſſive violence, ſo that every attempt to mitigate the rage of the flames, or ſtop their progreſs was in vain. The dwelling-houſe was quickly conſumed, together with nearly the whole of the furniture. The fire then communicated to the ſtables, barns, &c. and all but one ſtable were burnt to the ground. Two horſes, unable to be got out, periſhed in the flames; the reſt were ſaved. The fire next reached the barn-yard, in which were 33 ſtacks of corn and hay, 14 of which were conſumed; the prudent precautions and active exertions of the people, who flocked from all quarters to render their aſſiſtance, preſerved the remainder. Theſe, with the horſes and cattle, one ſtable, and a few implements of huſbandry, are all that now remain. The houſehold furniture and farm ſtock are inſured in the Sun fire office. This fire was accidental.

The following is a literal copy of a letter from a ſeaman on board the Africa, and gives ſo intereſting an account of the action between that ſhip and the Daniſh gun-boats, ſo honourable to our gallant tars, that we are perſuaded it will be highly acceptable to our readers:

'His majeſty's ſhip Africa off Copenhagen, Oct. 29, 1808.

'MY DEAR FRIEND,

'I offer ſincere thanks to Almighty God, for his infinite mercy in preſerving my life this day, during a very ſevere action with the Daniſh gun-boats. We ſailed from Carlſcrona, in Sweden, about a week ſince with a convoy under our protection of near 200 ſail of merchantmen, for Malmo. Our convoy got into the wiſhed for port, all I believe, except one taken, and 3 on ſhore, which were burnt by our people, to prevent their falling into the hands of the Danes.

'The Africa kept between the convoy and the Danes, to cover and protect them. About one o'clock this day it was quite calm. We ſaw the Daniſh gun-boats rowing towards us, to the number of 32 boats; perhaps you do not know, but for your information I tell you, when a large ſhip is becalmed, ſhe is quite unmanageable, a mere log on the water, which was our caſe. The Danes with their oars took the opportunity to come on our quarters and bows, where they knew we were weakeſt, and endeavoured to rake us.—About half paſt two o'clock they came within gun ſhot of us, and we opened a brisk fire on them, from as many of our guns as we could bring to bear on them. They continued advancing, and ſtationed themſelves ſome on the quarters, and ſome on the bows.

'Theſe boats have in a calm much ſuperiority over a ſhip; by means of their oars, they can pull round a ſhip in any direction, and being almoſt comparatively only like a ſpeck on the water, they are no mark to aim at like a large ſhip. They amounted, in all, as far as we can learn, to about 1920 men, and 128 guns, 32's and 42's, and ſwivels. To do them juſtice, they ſhewed much courage in coming near us, for our ſhot went far over them.

'I was ſtationed on the lower gun-deck, to hand powder from the magazine; and I confeſs I ſhuddered to ſee the poor ſailors knocked down in our ſhip, as I could ſometimes, through a ſlit in a thin flannel ſcreen, which was hung round the hatchway on which I ſtood, to prevent any fire from the flaſhes of the guns communicating to the powder as it was handed up to the people above us, immediately over the magazine. I confeſs my weakneſs; my ſtanding over the powder room, the ſhots pouring in, in every direction, together with ſhells, I thought the magazine would be blown up. I endeavoured

I endeavoured to bear up again my fears, and ſucceeded.

'Their grape ſhot could only be likened to ſhowers of ſtones or duſt thrown into the ſhip by ſhovels. The ſkreen round me was ſoon knocked away entirely, by ſplinters. A cartridge of powder, of 14lbs, which I held up over my head to the man above me, blew up, the lid of the cartridge-box being off, without hurting me, except a ſlight ſtroke on the eye. I cannot think how I eſcaped, but by an over-ruling providence, from deſtruction. Several large ſhots came through the ſhip's ſide, cloſe to me. Two iron ſtanchions, ſix or ſeven inches in diameter, were ſhot through and broken to pieces. The man over me to whom I handed the powder, was wounded in both arms, and in the breaſt.

'At half paſt ſeven, thoſe that remained of the enemy began to pull away from us. I am informed by our people who were on deck, they ſuppoſed the Danes ſuffered extremely by our fire, as they ſaw ſeveral boats ſink, and they were picking up the people out of the water. Some had not more than five men left in them. The darkneſs of the night finiſhed the buſineſs.

'At the concluſion we find that we have eight men killed outright, and in wounded many badly. The total is 61.

'Our colours were twice ſhot away. The enemy ſuppoſing we had ſtruck, huzzaed and pulled nearer; we huzzaed and pelted away at them; they drew back.

'We expected the maſts to fall if we ſhould have much wind, before we can reach a port; in ſhort, we have had many ſhots between wind and water, and ſome ſuch large pieces knocked out of the ſide, that I could almoſt creep through, and we are a mere wreck. Our boats are ſhot all to pieces, an arm-cheſt on the poop blown to pieces by their ſhells; but thank God we beat them off. We ſuppoſe their loſs in men muſt be three times greater than ours, conſidering their numbers, and from what thoſe on our decks ſaw. Thoſe now in the ſhip, and who were in lord Nelſon's laſt action at Trafalgar, ſay, this ſurpaſſed it for hard fighting.

'The enemy ſhewed great courage. We have three officers wounded, and the ſerjeant-major of marines badly. Captain Barrett is unhurt, except in his feelings for his men who have ſuffered. He walked the deck all the time during the action, as cool and compoſed as if nothing was doing, encouraging his men. He has given both his cabins to the wounded, and the officers have given them their cots.

'We are going to Carliſcrona to refit. The worſt is, we have nothing but empty honour for this, and hard knocks—no prize money.

'I am writing this on Saturday night, I drink all your healths and happineſs in a glaſs of grog. This is a brave ſhip's company, ſomewhat under 400 men, and too much cannot be ſaid in their praiſe.

'If they day light had continued two hours longer, and the enemy perſevered with a little more judgment, they had killed two thirds of us, or ſunk the ſhip, for ſhe will, ſaid the captain, never ſtrike her flag while ſhe ſwims.

'I ſuppoſe we ſhall next come to Englands, as our ſhip is above 30 years old, and quite done up. This evening (Saturday), about ten o'clock, we fell in with our commander-in-chief, ſir J. Saumarez, in the Victory. Captain Barrett went on board to him, and got orders to go to Carliſcrona to repair his damages.

'Sunday.—I have been on ſhore with ſome linen; on returning to the ſhip was ſurpriſed on viewing the ſhip's ſtern and ſides. In the ſtern there is not a ſquare foot without a ſhot ſtriking, or a hole; there are 70 holes in it.

'We have got ſome carpenters from the ſhip's here, and they are buſy in repairing the damages, in order, as we ſuppoſe, to proceed to England, where I hope ſoon to ſee you all. In the mean time I hope that God may bleſs and protect you all.'

26.] It is generally that a ſeries of actions has been fought betweenthe French under gen. Ney and general Blake, from the 31ſt ult. to the 11th inſtant, in which the Spaniards have conſtantly loſt ground, and have been driven as far as Reynoſa. They have, however, conſtantly fought, conſtantly preſerved order in their retreat, and are no ways ſubdued in ſpirit. If this be true, the war is full of hope and promiſe.—For the Spaniards, to continue to fight, will be ultimately to conquer. They have beſides quitted their poſitions partly from want, and by yielding up the barren deſart to the foe, they put him into the difficulty they before ſuſtained, and draw him further from France, where his reſources lie. His cavalry muſt dreadfully feel the want of forage; there is none where it is now, and the beaſts that draw it from France will conſume the greater part of it on their journey.

A gentleman who arrived in London from St. Andero which he left on the 13th, ſays, the great attack was made by the French on the 8th, when the Spaniards retreated to a very woody poſition, in which they thought themſelves ſecure againſt the French cavalry; but they were driveu from this place, and conſiderably diſperſed; but they rallied, and had taken a ſtrong and advantageous height near Reynoſa, on the 11th, which was the-lateſt date known at St. Andero when he came away.

DUBLIN, *Nov.* 10.

LIMERICK.—Thurſday night, the houſe of mr. Thomas Murray, of Dunmoylan, in this county, was attacked by a number of fellows armed, who endeavoured to force in, but meeting with reſiſtance, were obliged to retreat, however, in retiring one of the villains fired a blunderbuſs, by which we are concerned to ſay, mr. Murray received two ſlugs in the arm, which have not been yet extracted, notwithſtanding the beſt ſurgical advice. It is hoped a diſcovery will be made of thoſe nocturnal aſſaſſins, and that they will meet the juſt puniſhment of the law.

TRALEE.—A woman of the name of Grady, was moſt brutally murdered on Tueſday night laſt, near Ballybanion in this county, by a gang of thoſe villains who ſtill continue to commit the moſt atrocious crimes in that part of the country. The only cauſe that can be aſſigned for this ſhocking deed is, that the unfortunate woman had been heard to ſay, ſome time ſince, that ſhe knew ſome of the whiteboys. A haggart belonging to Oliver Stokes, eſq. at Glanalapa, was alſo ſet fire to on the above night, and corn to a conſiderable amount which it contained was conſumed to aſhes.

12.] On Friday night laſt, a number of villains ſet fire to the haggard of mr. Jeffry Prendergaſt, at New Burgeſs, near Clogheen. The loſs was complete of ſix and thirty ſacks of wheat, which were entirely conſumed. Attempts were alſo made to ſet fire to the houſe, but mr. Prendergaſt and mr. Houghton, being alarmed, and prepared to make reſiſtance fired upon the ruffians, four only of whom they then ſaw, and who inſtantly fled. Our readers will recollect that ſome time ſince a moſt audacious attack was made at the ſame place upon mr. Houghton, by a party of miſcreants, who entered his houſe at an early hour in the afternoon, and fired on him and his wife, by which mrs. Houghton was dangerouſly wounded. The only aſſignable reaſon for thoſe repeated outrages, was mr. Prendergaſt's preſuming to take from lord Waterpark a new leaſe of thoſe lands, which had been in the tenure of his family for near a century before the expiration of the laſt lice.

26.] On Saturday laſt their graces the lord lieutenant and ducheſs of Richmond, with lady Mary Lennox and ſuite, returned to Dublin from Ballintreer, where they had been on a viſit to lord and lady Tara, and were met by the archbiſhop of Dublin, counteſs of Gormanſtown, and family, earl and counteſs Conyngham, &c. where were alſo entertained the principal nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood.

On Monday evening laſt, at the fair at Fethard, a man named Fitzgerald, was murdered in the ſtreet of that town, by ſome perſon or perſons who fractured his ſkull in ſo deſperate a manner that the man never articulated afterwards, and on that night he died. Tueſday an inqueſt, was holden on the body, before Benjamin Bennet Bradſhaw, eſq. and the rev. William Stephenſon, when, as no evidence could be adduced to identify the aſſaſſins, the verdict was of courſe murder by ſome perſon or perſons unknown. This is one of the conſequences of caravatiſm and ſhanavelling—for Fitzgerald was very generally acknowledged to have been a pretty prominent character in one or other (we do not know, nor is it worth knowing which) of thoſe factions.

Tueſday about noon, as a number of perſons had proceeded with a funeral as far as the burial ground at Derrygrath, county of Tipperary, they were followed into the grave yard by a number of perſons, of whom only five or ſix were armed with guns or blunderbuſſes; the remainder, above 20, were provided with ſpade-handles and clubs of various ſorts, and a ſhort diſtance in a field appear the main body, conſiſting of about 100. The advanced guard who entered the grave yard, very deliberately ſearched the crowd for ſome perſons on whom they wanted to wreak their vengeance; but on finding that they were not there, the party fired a few ſhots by way of bravado, and departed.

The preſent grand jury of the city of Dublin, on Monday laſt came to the reſolution of addreſſing the right hon. the lord mayor, praying his lordſhip to convene a meeting of the magiſtrates of the city of Dublin, for the purpoſe of examining into the conduct of the maſter bakers of this city, and recent ſtatute for the regulation of the baking-trade, as well as the expediency of making an application to the imperial parliament upon that ſubject.

BIRTHS.

IN Wexford, the lady of the rev. mr. Richards, of a ſon.—At Newgrove, county of Tipperary, the lady of Weſtropp Smith, eſq. of a ſon and heir.—At Woburn-abbey, her grace the ducheſs of Bedford of a ſon.———At Adamſtown, county Meath, the lady of J. Vincent, eſq. of a ſon and heir.—The Lady of captain Blood, of the Clare militia, of a daughter.—At Fort-William, near Cork, the lady of colonel Baker, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

MARRIED.

AT Gibraltar, Francis Smith, esq. of the county of Meath, captain in the royal artillery, to miss Holloway, eldest daughter of lieutenant colonel sir Charles Holloway.—Edward Mostyn, esq. of Preston, only son of sir Piers Mostyn, bart. of Talacre, Flintshire, to Frances, eldest daughter, of the late N. Blundell, esq. of Crosby-hall, Lancashire.—Mr. Robert Milton Sale, of Carberry, county of Kildare, to miss Deborah Colclough, daughter of D. H. Colclough, esq. of Carlow.—Mr. Smith, jun. of Nassau-street, to miss Eliza Mc Kew.—Gilbert S. O'Grady, esq. county of Limerick regiment, to miss Vernon of Downpatrick.—Mr. J. Browne, of Capel-street, to miss Binns, niece to John Pemberton, esq. of Mount Olive, county of Dublin.—Mr. Robt. Hamerton, jun. to miss Mourtoun, both of the Belfast theatre.—Mr. M. Meara, of Dublin, to miss F. Shields, daughter of the late Wade Shields, esq.—Mr. Christopher Burke, of Chamber-street, to miss Berford, of the Coombe.——At Cork, the rev. Charles L. Coghlan, to miss Mary Cummins, daughter of Nicholas Cummins, esq.—Mr. John Laird, of Carrickfergus, to miss Agnes Hill, of Island Magee.—W. Matin, esq. of Bailey's Mill, to miss Elizabeth Todd, of Toddstown.—Mr. Henry Allen, to miss Stewart, both of Belfast.—At Kilmory church, county of Limerick, Geo. Rowan, esq. collector of Tralee, to miss Elizabeth Raymond, of Ballyloughran, esq ——The rev. William Browne, to miss Auchinleck, Belfast.—Edward Scully, esq. county Tipperary, to miss Tuke, Arran quay, daughter of the late James Tuke, esq.—At St. Georges, Hanover-square, the hon. Fitzroy Stanhope, to miss Caroline Wyndham.

DEATHS.

ON the 5th of Nov. at Wexford, mrs. Lyons, wife of Robert Lyons, esq. of Dorset street. While the human heart can retain the memory of one endeared by affability, engaging manners, and the exercise of every domestic virtue, her numerous friends and surviving relatives, will deeply feel, and sadly lament their loss.

'Twas her's to fill each part that gladdens life,
Such as approving angels smile upon—
Th' attentive sister, parent, friend, and wife, (those?
Virtues short-liv'd—they set just as they

—In Kilkenny, mrs. Blakeney, wife of Walter Blakeney, esq. of Ballycormick, county of Carlow.—The rev. D. Blundell, dean of Kildare, and many years rector of the parish of St. Mary, in this city.—At Streamville, county of Wexford, mrs. Susannah Barlow, aged 20 years, wife of Arthur Barlow, esq. of Charlemont-street.—At her house in Wexford, mrs. Hastings, relict of the late archdeacon Hastings, and sister of the late rev. dr. Harvey, of Temple hill, county of Wexford.—At Castledawson, county of Derry, in the 106th year of her age, mrs. Mary Richardson; she was attended to the grave by her children, grand-children, great grand-children and great great-grand children.——At Barnrick, county of Tipperary, lady Peacocke, wife of sir Joseph Peacocke, bart.—At Studley mill, Warwickshire, mr. H. Moore aged 86; he was attended to the grave by three brothers and one sister, whose united ages amounted to 368 years.—At Belfast, mr. William Bryson, of Donegal-street, Belfast, aged 80.—Mrs. Thompson, wife of mr. Joseph Thompson, of Ballyarnet,—In the 80th year of his age, at Portpatrick on his way to Ireland, Valentine Jones, esq. formerly of Barbadoes.—At Crossnacreevy, mrs. Jane Moore aged 100.——In Essex-street, Strand, London, in his 86th year, the rev. Theophilus Lindsey, formerly vicar of Catterick, in Yorkshire.—In Lower Brook street, London, suddenly, in the 84th year of his age, the right hon. Guy Carleton, lord Dorchester, knight of the Bath, a general in the army, colonel of the 4th or Queen's own dragoons, governor of fort Charlemont in this kingdom, and governor-general and commander in chief in Canada.—

DISCOVERIES IN POMPEII & HERCULANUM